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The Outlook is indexed in the Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature

THE OUTLOOK, October 10, 1928. Volume 150, Number 6, Published weekly by The Outlook Company at 120 East 16th Street, New York, N. Y. Subscription price $5.00 a year. Single copies 15 cents each. Foreign subscription to countries in the Postal Union, $6.56. Entered as second-class matter, July 21, 1893, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., and July 20, 1928, at the Post Office at Springfield, Mass., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1928, by The Outlook Company.

WITH the issue of October 24, The Outlook will take another step forward. Contained in our pages, beginning with that number, will be not only The Outlook as we know it but also The Independent—well known journal of free opinion since 1848, and long a friendly rival of this paper.

To the readers of The Outlook this means no change in editorial policy or direction. Instead, it means a larger, better magazine, a more varied editorial staff, and the addition of such well known writers as Ernest Boyd, Van Wyck Brooks, and Charles Morton to our already long and growing list. All our well known departments will be continued and several other features added. The whole enlarged magazine will be another evidence of our earnest desire to give to our readers as excellent a journal as we can—a weekly to which they can turn for honest opinion and unprejudiced information.

CERTAINLY both papers inherit from founders on both sides—and from the long line of good men and true who have given their best to The Independent and The Outlook—a noble tradition and a high purpose.

AMONG the former editors of The Independent have been Henry Ward Beecher, Leonard Bacon, Edward Eggleston, and Washington Gladden. As every one knows, Henry Ward Beecher was also editor of The Outlook at one time, before the days of Lyman Abbott and Theodore Roosevelt.

THIS is an inheritance calculated to make men pause—and resolve to do their best. For many years these names were names to conjure with. Different as they were in point of view, they stood for a spirit and a purpose representative of the best America has had to offer to the world.

THE present editors of The Outlook do not delude themselves into thinking that they possess either the personality or the opinions of these men. Their determination to ascertain and present the facts, however, their effort to be of service to the liberal minds of their country—these things are part and parcel of our own endeavor.

Francis Rufus Bellamy

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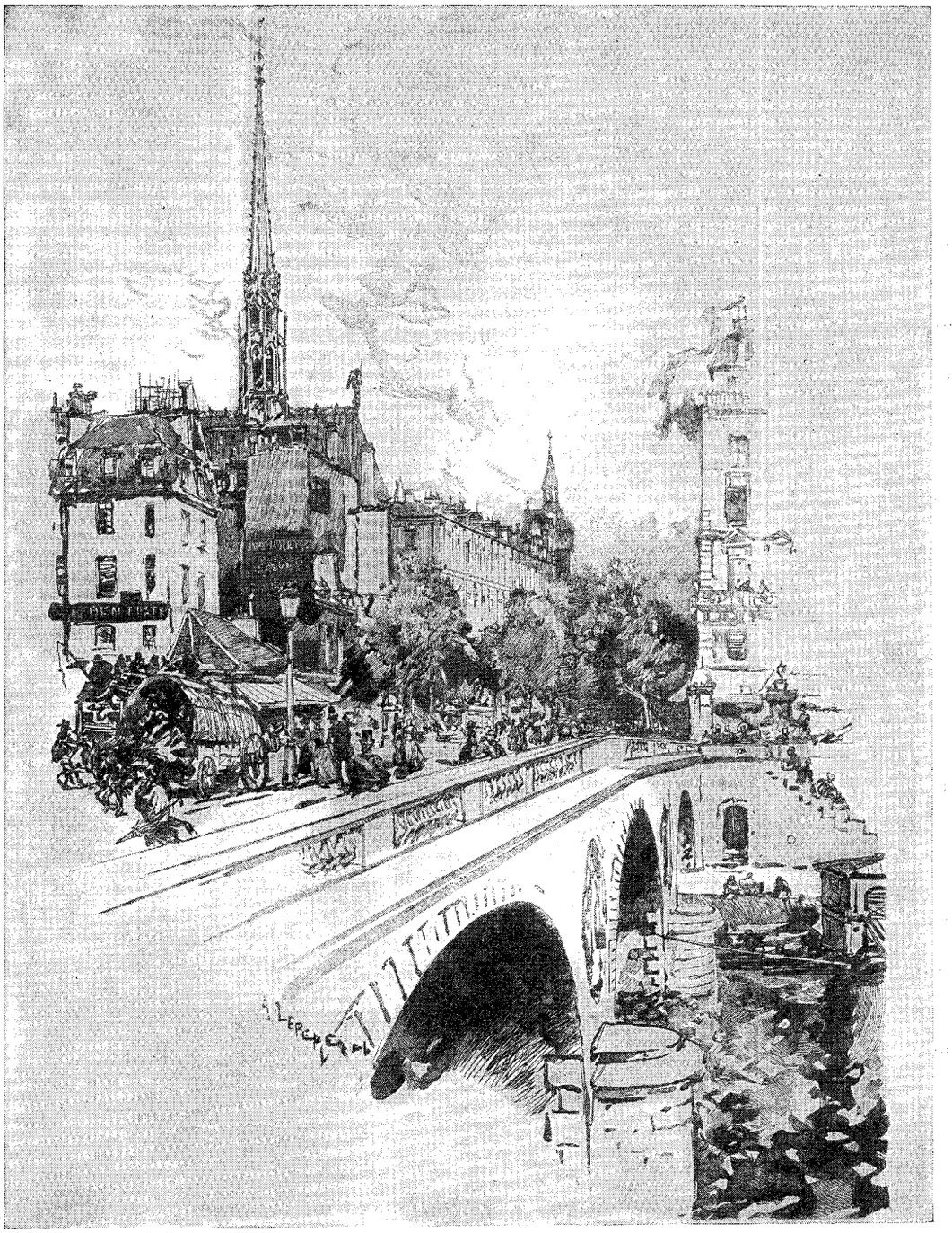

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Outlook
October 10, 1928

What Will We Do With It?

By MARTHA BENSLEY BRUERE

Herewith, the Outlook presents an expert's analysis of its prohibition poll. It has been called the most comprehensive attempt to get at all the elements of this vexed issue. "The most striking thing shown," says Mrs. Bruere, "is that there is a percentage of both men and women, both under and over 45, who were for the amendment at the time of its passage, but who are not for it now." It is possible that, in its entirety, her summary tells the complete history of the prohibition movement—its past, its present and its future.

THE Eighteenth Amendment is the distinctively American move in the long game to control the consumption of alcohol. Is it a conclusive move? Are we in a position to call "check" or have we blundered, lost place and advantage? Is it a success we have achieved or a failure we have been guilty of? Are we satisfied or shocked with the result? On the answers to these questions our opinions are inevitably based, and do we not act as we think? In a democracy like ours no regulation of conduct is irrevocable merely because it has been placed in the Constitution. Public opinion which put it there can take it out again. What is public opinion going to do with Prohibition? With the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act?

On the fourteenth of March The Outlook published a questionnaire asking their readers to answer thirty-nine questions in order to discover—not facts or figures, but their opinions as to why the amendment was passed, how it is working, and what they want done about it. The replies, nearly four thousand of them, are before me now. They come from every state in the union, from all our possessions and dependencies, and from American citizens living in London, Syria, Egypt, France, Spain, Cuba, South America and Mexico. The age of the senders ranges from fourteen to ninety-seven, their occupations run the full gamut of the literate group which is sufficiently prosperous to subscribe to a magazine, sufficiently interested in public questions to be concerned about prohibition, which can without too much travail "take their pens in hand," and which has sufficient leisure to fill out the questionnaire. Besides the four thousand questionnaires are some hundreds of letters from those who have something to say beyond the "yes" and "no" answers. Of the questionnaires exactly 3,500 are practically full answers. The first 3,000 of these to arrive have been classified by the Library Bureau. Those which came in later give approximately the same percentages. I have divided all of them by age groups, by occupation, and by locality on the theory that people's ages, what they do, and where they live, are important elements in their experience—and that their experience is the basis of what they think. One important element the answers do not give—the race of those who sent them, and race has a direct bearing on what we think and do. The names are overwhelmingly English, Scotch and Scandinavian with a mere sprinkling of South European, but there is nothing conclusive about this, for may not a Mrs. Elliott McCarthy, now teaching Home Economics in Oregon, have been born Senorita Rosita Fernandez? May not Mr. Arnold Gould, a business man of Norwich, Conn., have been Mr. Abram Goldman on the other side of the water? Such things have been, and names mean little. It is important to realize, however, that between 84 and 85 per cent of the replies are from men, and that the great majority of the women who answer list themselves as "house wives," "home makers," "wives and mothers."

THIS is the composition of the poll of Outlook readers—what does it show?

On the opposite page are the original questions with the percentages of the answers to each as they were made by people under 45 and by those 45 or over, and by men and women. The most striking thing shown is that there is a percentage of both men and women, both under and over 45, who were for the Amendment at the time of its passage, but who are not for it now.

THIS classification by age and sex gives only the foreground of the picture. One of the most significant modifying circumstances is locality. Places have traditions and histories of their own which affect those who live in them.

But localities bounded by state lines do not mean much. States of mind have quite other limitations. They overflow the surveyors' lines and crowd across political divisions, and seep

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along river bottoms and are stopped by mountain ranges and led on by the air currents that make men of a certain kind live in a certain place, and pursue certain occupations, and think in certain ways. I have picked six regions, which show six widely different conditions and experiences and may therefore be expected to induce different opinions on prohibition.

To begin with there is what is left of old New England—Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont—relatively stable, homogeneous, rural, small town, small city folks whose ancestors have been in this country for a century or more, and who are inheritors of the tradition of the town meeting and local independence, and so certain of the wisdom of democracy that they are willing to obey the prohibition law. The answers from this region are 83% for the retention and enforcement of the Amendment, although Maine which went dry in 1851, and since that time has enforced its own law in its own way, sends 4% of the answers against the Amendment on the ground that it is less effective than the state law and that there is an added element of corruption in the enforcement of it.

Compare old New England to the present source of our food supply, the Great Valley. I have grouped together Oklahoma, Arkansas, Missouri, Kansas, Nebraska, Iowa, Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, Michigan and Wisconsin, because in spite of the fact that this region contains Chicago and St. Louis and Detroit and Kansas City, busy with manufacture and trade, Tulsa with its mind centered on oil, Omaha still thinking of itself as a wild west town, and a whole string of river cities; in spite of hundreds of thousands of the foreign born in the industrial centers, it is still the stronghold of the American farmer. By virtue of his effort we eat—also by virtue of his votes do we elect or defeat presidents. The answers from the Great Valley are well divided and I believe give a fairly accurate sample of the public opinion there. Eighty-one per cent of these who reply are satisfied with the Amendment as it stands and against modification. There is little outcry either for light wines and beer, for any change in the Volstead Act, for a government dispensary system, or for personal liberty in the matter of home brew. The general demand is for better enforcement and less corruption of officials. The Great Valley stands pat.

On across to the North West, another

QUESTIONS

GROUP I—Do You Believe

	Male						Female					
	Under 45			45 and over			Under 45			45 and over		
	Yes	No	No Ans.	Yes	No	No Ans.	Yes	No	No Ans.	Yes	No	No Ans.
1. That all drinking of intoxicating beverages is morally wrong?	23.0	75.1	1.9	33.1	62.6	4.3	35.7	62.2	2.1	50.1	41.1	5.8
2. That all drinking of intoxicating beverages is a social menace?	39.8	59.0	1.2	57.0	41.1	1.9	69.3	30.7	—	77.3	20.7	2.0
3. That all making of intoxicating beverages is a social evil?	37.8	60.3	1.9	53.6	43.2	3.2	67.1	32.1	.8	72.2	24.5	3.3

GROUP II

1. Were you in favor of the Eighteenth Amendment at the time of its passage?	67.5	27.4	5.1	77.8	21.5	.7	77.9	16.4	5.7	90.8	7.7	1.5
2. Are you in favor of it today?	58.0	41.2	.8	74.7	24.4	.9	77.1	20.0	2.9	88.3	10.2	1.5
3. Do you believe its main purpose was to (*a*) Destroy the commercial liquor traffic?	58.1	19.7	22.2	75.9	10.6	13.5	41.4	33.6	25.0	69.1	10.5	20.4
(*b*) Effect a moral reform?	65.5	14.0	20.5	68.9	13.2	17.9	67.8	14.3	17.9	73.5	6.6	19.9
(*c*) Impose total abstinence?	43.2	28.9	27.9	47.4	27.9	24.7	25.0	42.1	32.9	49.7	16.6	33.7
(*d*) Avert an economic waste?	54.8	20.5	24.7	70.1	11.5	18.4	45.0	32.9	22.1	73.0	6.9	20.1
4. Do you believe it was adopted as a result of (*a*) A real majority opinion?	49.8	35.6	14.6	69.3	22.2	8.6	63.6	23.6	12.8	77.0	11.5	11.5
(*b*) War hysteria?	30.6	47.7	21.7	20.7	60.8	18.5	13.6	65.0	21.4	8.7	62.0	29.3
(*c*) Organized propaganda?	52.1	27.9	20.0	42.0	37.8	20.2	24.3	52.1	23.6	24.2	41.1	34.7
(*d*) Belief that the liquor traffic was controllable by no other means?	51.3	25.2	23.5	71.8	14.0	14.2	67.9	16.4	15.7	76.5	8.4	15.1

GROUP III—What, in Your Opinion, Has the Eighteenth Amendment with the Volstead Act Accomplished?

1. Has it improved conditions in your neighborhood?	55.1	39.0	5.9	74.7	21.2	4.1	62.1	27.9	10.0	78.8	13.3	7.9
2. Has it improved general social conditions?	59.7	34.4	5.9	70.8	23.0	—	65.0	25.7	9.3	72.2	16.6	11.2
3. Has it improved conditions in some groups of the population?	84.4	11.1	4.5	87.1	6.5	6.4	90.0	6.4	3.6	87.8	4.8	7.4
4. Has it made conditions worse in some groups of the population?	65.4	28.1	6.5	46.5	43.2	10.3	52.2	40.0	7.8	41.1	36.7	22.2
5. Has it resulted in moral improvement?	43.7	47.6	8.7	60.5	30.2	9.3	57.9	32.1	10.0	61.5	19.1	19.4
6. Has it improved economic conditions?	70.4	23.5	6.1	82.3	13.5	4.2	78.6	15.7	5.7	89.0	5.9	5.1
7. Has it increased respect for law?	7.6	87.9	4.5	14.7	72.8	12.5	27.1	64.3	8.6	14.3	60.7	25.0

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GROUP III—(Continued)

	Male								Female							
	Under 45				45 and over				Under 45				45 and over			
	I	O	A	No Ans.	I	O	A	No Ans.	I	O	A	No Ans.	I	O	A	No Ans.
8. What is your attitude towards buying from bootleggers? Indifferent? Opposed? Approving?	17.7	71.9	9.6	.8	8.9	86.3	3.4	1.4	7.1	87.9	3.6	1.4	3.6	93.6	1.5	1.3
9. What is the attitude of your community towards buying from bootleggers?	40.0	37.0	18.8	4.2	26.6	56.4	9.5	7.5	38.6	38.6	12.1	10.7	15.8	61.2	6.9	15.6
10. What is your attitude towards home-brewing?	27.4	46.4	25.0	1.2	18.0	66.6	11.9	2.6	16.4	70.7	12.2	.7	10.7	82.4	4.3	2.6
11. What is the attitude of your community towards home-brewing?	40.2	27.4	27.2	5.2	30.0	46.8	13.2	10.0	41.4	30.0	18.6	10.0	22.2	52.5	10.2	15.1
12. What is your attitude towards bootlegging?	13.5	79.3	5.5	1.7	8.5	86.4	2.8	2.3	—	30.0	68.6	1.4	3.6	93.1	1.5	1.8
13. What is the attitude of your community towards bootlegging?	36.6	45.4	12.6	5.4	25.0	60.6	6.4	8.0	40.7	42.9	7.8	8.6	17.6	63.8	5.1	13.5

GROUP IV

	Yes	No	No Ans.	Yes	No	No Ans.	Yes	No	No Ans.	Yes	No	No Ans.
1. If a Nation-wide plebiscite on the Eighteenth Amendment were possible, how would you vote? (*a*) To retain the Eighteenth Amendment as it stands?	51.9	37.5	10.6	71.6	24.1	4.3	71.4	22.9	5.7	84.7	10.7	4.6
(*b*) To modify it by making it permissive with Congress instead of mandatory upon Congress to abolish or control the commercial liquor traffic?	21.9	54.9	23.2	15.9	64.6	19.5	11.4	65.0	23.6	5.6	66.6	27.8
(*c*) To abandon our policy of National control of the liquor traffic by striking the Amendment from the Constitution?	24.4	53.4	22.2	16.3	66.8	16.9	16.4	64.3	19.3	6.9	70.1	23.0
2. If a Nation-wide plebiscite (while the present Eighteenth Amendment is still in force) were possible on the Volstead Act, how would you vote? (*a*) To retain the Volstead Act as it stands?	45.0	42.0	13.0	65.8	27.4	6.8	61.4	25.0	13.6	73.4	13.3	13.3
(*b*) To modify it by increasing the permitted alcoholic content?	32.3	45.0	22.7	20.9	62.4	16.7	12.8	62.2	25.0	8.2	65.3	26.5
(*c*) To clarify the distinction between the home brewer and the commercial bootlegger?	40.7	34.8	24.5	34.7	41.9	23.4	30.7	43.6	25.7	22.2	44.9	32.9
(*d*) To throw further protection about the sanctity of the home against search?	39.8	36.0	24.2	32.2	47.2	20.6	17.9	53.6	28.5	16.1	51.5	32.4
(*e*) To protect personal liberty against abuses in enforcement?	45.4	30.8	23.8	40.7	38.2	21.1	22.9	47.1	30.0	24.8	40.3	34.9
3. If the country voted in favor of modifying the Eighteenth Amendment to make it permissive with Congress instead of mandatory upon Congress to abolish or control the liquor traffic, would you favor the retention of the essential elements of the present Volstead Act?	52.7	36.0	11.3	69.6	20.0	10.4	65.7	19.3	15.0	69.1	11.0	19.9
4. Would you vote to have Congress permit territory in which wet sentiment predominates (*a*) To authorize a return of the licensed saloon?	8.7	84.9	6.4	3.1	93.7	3.2	3.6	91.4	5.0	3.3	94.4	2.3
(*b*) To manufacture and sell light wines and beers?	40.5	52.4	7.1	23.0	72.1	4.9	20.7	72.9	6.4	9.4	84.5	6.1
(*c*) To establish a Governmental dispensary system?	41.3	52.1	6.6	24.7	70.2	5.1	15.7	77.9	6.4	11.0	79.8	9.2
(*d*) To manufacture and sell distilled liquors?	29.1	62.0	8.9	18.0	76.3	5.7	10.7	82.2	7.1	6.4	85.7	7.9

homogeneous region composed of Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Wyoming, Montana, North and South Dakota and Minnesota. Over this North West, traders with their packs, land seekers and gold seekers, settlers in their covered wagons seem to have just passed. They are a small town and rural people with relatively few great cities, nordic too, with a sparse dotting of the foreign born. Since 1834 when the Chief Factor of the Hudson Bay company forbade the issuance of spirituous liquors to Whites and Indians both in the old Oregon Territory, they have been experimenting with various forms of control. The Eighteenth Amendment settled easily upon an already prepared surface; 80% of them are for it as it stands.

The Old South is still an entity in spite of the fact that so much of it is new. A fellow feeling pervades it in the face of the influx of winter colonies and industrial developments. There is a common denominator for Maryland, Virginia and West Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, North and South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi and Louisiana in the fact that the white population which is in control does not dare to let the black population drink. Most of these states made their own prohibition laws before the Amendment was passed, and enforced them as they saw fit. They ratified the Eighteenth Amendment, but they are not in sympathy with Federal enforcement. It is, judging from their letters, partly the old question of states rights, and partly a matter of rival enforcement bodies. The South is not so strong for the Amendment as either old New England or the Great Valley, they are torn between expediency and pride, but 77% of those who answered the questionnaire are content that the Amendment should stand without change.

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Arizona, New Mexico and Texas have a woof of modern Americanism and a warp left from old Mexico. Legislatures conduct their sessions in both Spanish and English. In the valleys of the Rio Grande and the Colorado and along the border a greeting in Spanish brings a quicker response than one in English. The Spanish tradition includes wine. Judging from the names, there are none of Spanish race among The Outlook readers, but they are all living in touch with the Spanish tradition. The percentage of those who are in favor of the Amendment today falls to 68%.

That part of our country where the raw materials are converted into finished products, where the swift rivers are harnessed to mill wheels, where factory smoke smudges the sky, where electric power lines stride across the country on giant legs, where cloth streams out from the mills, and millions of shoes, and bricks and steel rails, and glass dishes, and electric bulbs, and books and ready made clothes and paper boxes are produced, has different opinions and wishes and problems from the Great Valley or the North West or the South. It has for one thing a great admixture of still unassimilated people working in its industries, whose habits and traditions include the making and use of alcoholic drinks. For another it has a large group of consumers willing to pay for these same drinks,—a well-to-do, predominantly American group, who form the market. It is moreover strung along the seaboard, it has acquired a cosmopolitan point of view, and the rest of the country comes there to play, to spend money and to buy luxuries. The states in this group —Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island, New York, New Jersey, Delaware, Pennsylvania, are dominated by their cities. The percentage of those who were formerly in favor of the Amendment but are not in favor of it now is higher here than elsewhere, and the percentage of those who still want it has fallen to 69.

Not all the country is included in these divisions, there is the mountain group, Colorado, Utah, Nevada, and there is California which not only does not belong in any other division but must be divided North from South in order to be understood. San Francisco as the city of the northern part is a bustling, cosmpolitan, man-made town not unlike the cities of the Atlantic seaboard. It is not conspicuously in favor of the Amendment. Los Angeles in the southern division of a different origin and composition is the driest of the great cities.

I have made these divisions into localities because in a country so large as ours the differences in environment and tradition are great enough to affect opinion, and in a matter so important as this, our most distinctive piece of social legislation, it is imperative to know not only what people think as shown by the first analysis of the questionnaire but also why they think it.

This analysis by localities is not by any means conclusive. Biologists say that every organism is conditioned by the way it gets its living. What employments have conditioned these readers of The Outlook? I have divided the questionnaires according to the occupation of those who sent them.

I approached the job of sorting out people by occupations with the idea that it was an easy way to unravel a tangled situation. It looked easy—easy and clarifying. I laid down eight rough divisions for my own guidance—students; housewives; agriculturists; mechanics, artisans and wage-workers; clerical workers; people in business; members of the professions; and those who had retired from active life. And then came the terrible task of deciding what a person really did from what he said. A lawyer undoubtedly belongs to a profession—how about a Justice of the Peace who also keeps a grocery store? A woman keeping house and bringing up two children is undoubtedly a housewife—but what if she is also teaching school? A man says he is an engineer. Locomotive or civil? They are in different pigeon holes. A physician drops gently into the professional group, where does a masseuse go? Is a railroad president an employee because he takes a salary? Does a writer of advertisements belong with a writer of historical novels? Is a draftsman an artist? An admiral in the Navy and a clerk in the patent office are both employees of the government, shall they be classified together? Is editing a paper a business or a profession? Is a man whose occupation is "lumber" one who cuts down trees with an ax, who breaks log jams dangerously balancing in the midst of hungry rapids—or one who sells you picture molding? What is the actual job of a man from the middle west who is "chairman of a county committee"? These and many more problems confronted me. Instinct, the dictionary, and silent prayer were my helps and here is the result.

As a beginning take those whose occupation is still preparing for life, and whose experience of pre-prohibition days is what their elders say and what they have read—students in colleges and high schools. There are 106 of them from 17 different states and their ages range from 15 to 24. What they think is important partly because the future of the Amendment is in their hands, as one of The Outlook readers writes there are 11,000,000 new voters this year, and partly because of the hue and cry about the flasks in the pockets of the young. "Our young people are going to the dogs with poison liquor," writes a woman from Illinois. "It has made drunkards of young men and women who think it is 'smart' to get into a speak-easy," says a Massachusetts reader. And again from Massachusetts, "Perhaps our amazing young people who will soon govern the country may find less satisfaction in breaking laws of their own choosing and be wise enough to manage the situation."

Against these letters which can be duplicated again and again from those which came with the questionnaires, let me set the fact that 96 of the 106 students who answered are for the Amendment as it stands, ten are for its repeal, and four of them—it happens that they are the four youngest—would be glad to see the saloon back in our midst.

What do the women think? My classification gives only one distinctively feminine occupation—the housewives. There are 344 of them and they come from 38 different states, and are from 21 to 87 years old, the great majority being in the early forties. Between 1 and 2% of them are not so certain of the wisdom of the Amendment as they were when it was passed, but 91% would vote for it today. There are of course many women scattered through the clerical and professional groups, especially among the teachers, but they have not been separated from the main classification.

The clerical group is small. There are 148 of them from 23 states. Seventy per cent are for the amendment, 30% are not.

The wage earning group is small, also 104 out of 3,500—and in the population as a whole it is probably the most numerous. The results therefore are not significant, but I give them for what they are worth. The returns are from

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loggers, locomotive engineers, common laborers, saw filers, electricians, drivers of laundry wagons, masons and half a dozen other trades. They come from 17 states and 81% of them are for the Amendment and against the saloon which has been called the Working Man's Club.

Two hundred and forty-six people engaged in agriculture have responded from 41 states. Some are like the American farmer of fifty years ago, who did general farming and raised a little of everything from live stock to onions, lived in the country the year round, sent his children to the village school and preferred to vote as his father did. Some write from their winter homes in Florida or California, speak of acres in thousands and mention sons at Oxford. These farmers as a whole are 86% in favor of the Amendment. The states from which the largest number of returns have come are in order: New York which is 80% for the Amendment as it stands, California 87%, Illinois 85%, Michigan 85%, Minnesota 92%, Washington 77%, and Pennsylvania 86%. Whether their holdings are large or small, whether they are ranchers or truck gardeners, whether they live east, west, north or south, the farmers are for the Amendment and against any modification of the Volstead Act.

The business group has been exceedingly hard to segregate, it being so difficult to determine whether a given job was a profession, a business, or a wage earning occupation. Probably it is just as well that you who have sent in questionnaires do not know into what pigeon holes you have fallen or who your fellows are. There are 892 in this group from 45 states and the District of Columbia. No well known business but is represented, and it took a dictionary for me to discover some of them. Sixty-four per cent are for the Amendment today, which is a low rate as compared with the other occupations. But they are 100% dry in Maine, Kansas, Georgia, Idaho, North and South Dakota, Utah and Oklahoma, and in the states with large industries and a cosmopolitan population they are only 57% dry. Business follows local conditions more closely than the other occupations.

The professional group comes from the District of Columbia and from every state in the Union except Delaware. It is the largest group of all, 1,389, and quite obviously typical of Outlook readers. It ranges in age from a young teacher who is 21 to a retired judge who is 93. The greater number are between fifty and sixty. It is the controlling group in the answers. As this group thinks so goes the poll. Eighty-two are in favor of the Amendment today, rural and urban east, west, north and south, men and women. How does this vary with locality? In the North West where the general per cent is 79 for the Amendment it is up to 86. In the South where the per cent is 76 it drops to 78. In the South West with a per cent of 68 it is 77. In the Great Valley where the per cent is 81 it is 85. In the great industrial section of the Atlantic Seaboard where the per cent is 69 it is 74. Everywhere except in New England where the general per cent is 83 and the professional per cent is 77 it is above the general per cent. I have no way of accounting for the variation from type in Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont. Perhaps they just want to be different, or is it the traditional American individualism?

How do those whose active part in life is past, who give their occupation as "retired" and may be supposed to see life from a considerable perspective, feel about the law? There are 309 of them and 76% look at the Amendment and find it good.

Those who give their reasons for having changed their opinion state in every case that they believe the law is not working well. These reasons classify roughly under three heads: that boys and girls are drinking more than they did, that it is the bootleggers who are getting rich instead of the government, that the law cannot be enforced because of official corruption. They have ordered prohibition sent home, and not finding it up to sample want to send it back again. What are their complaints?

"Wherever we look we find dishonesty among officials and non-officials. Bribery and bribe-accepting is open, and the few who do not accept bribes are considered fools."

"We have had a dry legislature for the last eight years. On the other hand we have had two wet United States Senators and our last three governors have been wet. The Senators have the recommending of the prohibition enforcement officers. The governor has the appointing of our judges and prosecutors. They take their oath of office. How do they square their consciences when they make their appointments?"

"The bribery and corruption caused by the Eighteenth Amendment is one of the greatest evils under which the country is suffering. An injury done to temperance and clean living."

"Almost anything is preferable to a law which half the families throughout the country will continually disregard and which can never be enforced by any conceivable procedure."

"The policy of restraint has developed a serious danger, not from appetite but from greed."

"Far greater than the matter of alcohol is the invasion of the home, the debauching effect on government officials, courts and police."

"Prohibition could be made effective and the Volstead law enforced if county and state politicians in many instances did not profit thereby."

These people feel that since the law is to blame for the corruption,—a thing they had not bargained for,—it should be abandoned. Here is a word from Kansas to comfort them:

"The Nation is simply repeating the experience of the state of Kansas where it took twenty-five years of constant turmoil and strife to drive out the liquor traffic. The larger cities were only cleaned up when the state grew tired of temporizing and forced the issue. The same will be true in this national movement."

It is because of personal liberty and its older sister, states rights, that others are opposed to the amendment.

"I consider the innovation an ignominious futile surrender of states rights. It is a precedent of sinister aspect, an ideal wedge opening toward the centralization of government. It behooves the people of this republic to rally in one common cause to the fundamental principle of personal liberty."

"The constitution is not the proper vehicle for any law, and certainly not a prohibitive law. It is a charter of our liberties which has been nullified by the introduction of the Eighteenth Amendment."

"The question of personal liberty no doubt seems important to many, but it is purely academic in the face of such practical considerations as safety in our streets and in our factories, safety in the air, economic welfare and the like. I considered it good sportsmanship to pass up wine for the common good."

These are merely samples, one of a

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How To Listen To Football

By DONALD OGDEN STEWART

Illustrated By HERB ROTH

THE authorities of Harvard University (the one at Cambridge, Mass.) have recently expressed themselves as alarmed over the football situation in America. This does not mean that they are alarmed over the Harvard team (although they might well be); nor are they concerned with the number of broken necks, headaches, heartburn, dyspepsia, gout, diabetes and gas on the stomach which annually threaten those who take part in this strenuous game. The thing that is bothering the authorities of Harvard University is that the sport has assumed such enormous proportions as a spectacle for the general public that every college in the land has felt called upon to build for itself a huge stadium or "bowl," and they feel that if this tendency is allowed to persist football will come to take the place of the acquiring of the "Harvard attitude" as a reason for going to college. So they have decided not to build a bigger stadium and if the general public want to see a Harvard-Yale game they can jolly well buy a radio.

Of course, I agree with Harvard. I am a Yale man myself. I have witnessed several recent Harvard-Yale games and I think that anything Harvard does to keep the general public from watching their team play football is for the best. But, on the other hand, I don't think that they need be so worried about the rest of the country. The menace of the "bigger stadium" idea has already begun to subside. The cure has been found. Millions of football fans all over America have already discovered that the one and only way to attend a football game is to listen to it over the radio. They didn't need Harvard to tell them that—they had already found it out.

LET us take a typical case—the case of a man named G. (That, of course, isn't his real name because whoever heard of a man named just "G." That would not only be silly but very confusing when it came to introducing him to other people. He would be laughed out of polite society in a minute.) G., let us say, is fond of sports, and one evening he comes home to his wife, Mrs. G. (that, of course, isn't her name, either) and he says, "Darling, guess what I got today."

His wife looks at him and guesses, "Plastered."

"Darling," he says reproachfully, "is that any way to talk in front of little Maurice? And besides, you know I am practically on the wagon."

"Yeah?" says his wife, with a wry laugh. "How about last night?"

"Last night?" he wonders. "What happened last night?"

"You may well ask," says Mrs. G., rather sarcastically.

"Oh," he remembers. "Well, last night was different."

"Wasn't it!" she remarks.

"Now, darling," he reproaches, "if you are going to be *that* way—"

WELL, it finally comes out that what G. has brought home is three tickets to the Harvard-Yale game, so Mrs. G. becomes at once quite pleasant and falls into a reverie thinking of what she will wear—a reverie which lasts well into three figures, not counting a new fur coat, and a Harvard balloon for little Maurice. And the day of the game sees them happily on their way to New Haven, with little Maurice and his red balloon making friends for Yale all up and down the aisle.

"We should have brought some lunch," murmurs Mrs. G.

"Now, don't be silly," says G. "We'll have lunch at the hotel."

"*New* Haven," calls the conductor.

"Maurice," says G., "get up off the floor."

"I won't," says Maurice, with a pretty little smile.

"*Look* at your overcoat," says Mrs. G.

Little Maurice is finally dragged screaming out of the coach, each passenger taking a sly kick at him as he passes, and the happy family find themselves in the New Haven station. And that, if I may say so, is just the beginning of their worries.

In the first place, they don't get any lunch—or, rather, they are given their choice of having lunch or seeing the game.

"I didn't pay eleven dollars a ticket just to eat," mutters G., so that problem is decided, with, however, a rather loud minority report from Maurice. And in the second place, as they are leaving the hotel for the field it begins to rain.

THE HAPPY FAMILY FIND THEMSELVES IN THE NEW HAVEN STATION

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AFTER A NICE HALF MILE WALK

"Oh, dear," says Mrs. G. "My new hat."

Mrs. G. *is right*, and they push their way back through the crowd around the entrance to the dining room to wait for a few minutes "until the storm is over."

Twenty minutes later Mr. G. looks rather grimly at Mrs. G.

"Wait here," he says, and turning up his coat collar, he disappears into the driving rain.

Another twenty minutes—and Mr. G. returns, soaking wet but carrying four oilcloth kitchen table covers, one pool table cover, three rubber baby's sheets, a pair of side curtains, and a pair of rubber drawers.

"It was all I could get," he explains, "and for heaven's sake let's hurry. The game's beginning right now."

So the G. family, looking like a white elephant sale in Akron, Ohio, set forth for the "bowl" (and a very appropriate name, too) and when they arrive, after a delightful trip on the bottom running board of a street car, the first period has just ended. Their seats are in section GG, row 146, which happens to be at the farthest end of the bowl, and after a nice half-mile walk and a brisk two-mile climb they reach seats 22, 23, and 24.

"Well, anyway," remarks Mrs. G., panting slightly, "the air up here ought to be very healthful."

"Papa," says little Maurice, "I can't see anything."

"Shut up," says Papa. "These were the best seats I could get. We were very lucky."

"Oh, *very*," comments Mrs. G.

The game goes on, the players slip and slide around the field, and the rain increases in violence.

"Papa," says little Maurice, "which is Harvard?"

"Shut up," replies papa.

"Mama," says little Maurice, "which is Harvard?"

"Does it make any difference?" replies mama, with a faint overtone of bitterness.

The whistle blows, and a Harvard player runs out from the side-lines.

"Who's that, papa?" asks the boy.

"I don't know," replies papa.

"Mama, who's that?" asks Maurice.

"Lefkowitz," replies mama, consulting a very damp program.

"Who?" asks the boy.

"Rosenstein," guesses mama, again.

"Who?"

"President Lowell," she replies.

Little Maurice sneezes.

"Mama, I'm catching cold," he announces.

"Good!" says papa, accompanied by the entire row behind him.

The downpour increases, the half comes to an end, and Mrs. G. reaches a decision.

"Where are you going?" demands Mr. G.

"I'm going home," she replies. "And if you stay, you're just the—"

Let us, therefore, quickly fade out on that scene. Time passes. A whole year has elapsed. It is once more the day of the Harvard-Yale game, and from the kitchen of the G. apartment comes the sound of ice being cracked into small pieces. In the living room Mrs. G. is bending over the dials of a nice new radio. Suddenly the music of a jazz orchestra merges into a soprano solo and then into the loud, clear tones of a masculine human voice. Mrs. G. waits for an instant and then runs to the dining room door.

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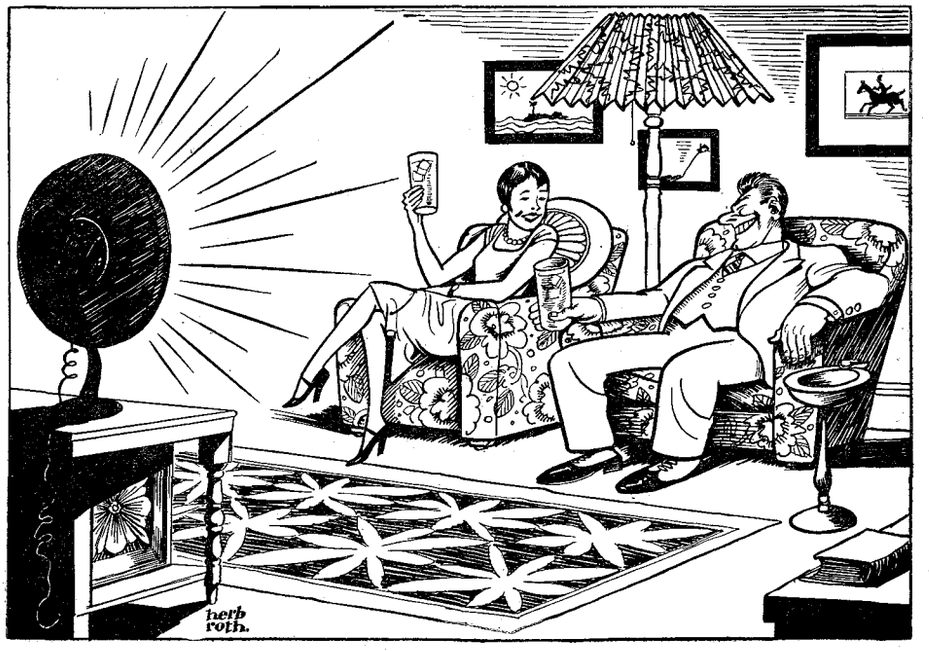

MR. G. TURNS TO MRS. G. WITH A HAPPY SMILE UPON HIS FACE

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What the Republicans Did to Mexico

The fourth article in the series: "The Red Thread in The Mexican Maze"

By MARCELO VILLEGAS

After carrying the story from the fall of Diaz through the establishment of Carranza in power with the support of President Wilson, the writer turns to the futile expedition against Villa, the rise of Calles, De la Huerta, and Obregon, and the policies of the Harding and Coolidge administrations.

It needs to be repeated that he is not a Catholic.

FROM the beginning of the revolution in Mexico, thanks to his soldierly qualities, Francisco Villa gained in importance, until he acquired an international significance.

Astute and ambitious, he showed himself conciliatory toward President Wilson, who attached to him a confidential agent and designated him as General Villa. As early as September, 1914, the State Department in Washington had established with him cordial relations, as is shown in a telegram addressed to Villa by Secretary Bryan, reading: "Your patient labors in this matter (an effort to pacify Sonora) are greatly appreciated by the State Department and the President." By August, 1915, such relations had become important enough to send to Villa, as special ambassador, the Chief of Staff of the American Army, General Scott.

Naturally Villa, who wanted the Mexican Constitution restored, agreeing on this point with President Wilson's repeated statements, believed that the Government of the United States was sympathetic to his faction. Instead, Carranza was unexpectedly recognized, and the United States turned against Villa an embargo on arms.

Hemmed in along the border, Villa's situation was rendered desperate. He marched the remnant of his army across the mountains of Chihuahua and Sonora to Agua Prieta, on the Arizona boundary, expecting to take that town and use it, as in times past, for smuggling supplies from the United States. He found Obregon's army there ahead of him; it had been permitted to use United States territory as a base and United States railroads for transport from El Paso.

Villa's cause was lost; his soldiers deserted or were disbanded, and Villa disappeared into the hills. He was then blamed for depredations on both sides of the border, the first of which was that of Santa Isabel, Chihuahua, on January 10, 1916. A group of miners in the United States had been assured by the Carranza government that it was safe for them to return to operate their mines. They were given passports at El Paso and at the city of Chihuahua a troop train was provided to run ahead of the passenger train going to the mines. Near Santa Isabel, on a single track railroad, the train carrying twenty United States citizens was stopped by a train ahead of it which was alleged to be off the track. This could have been no other than the Carranzista troop train—but no troops were there. Instead, armed "Mexican bandits" appeared. They lined up the party of miners, stripped them of their clothing, and then the leader ordered two of his men to fire, killing one at a time until the line was mowed down, excepting for one man who ran and escaped to tell the story.

In the early morning of March 9, 1916, a band of Mexicans raided the town of Columbus, New Mexico, looted stores, burned buildings and killed several United States citizens. The Carranzistas accused Villa of leading this raid in person, but neither they nor the United States authorities ever established the fact that Villa was there.

Public opinion in the United States was justly incensed by the Columbus raid. The Administration could no longer pursue "watchful waiting"; and the Pershing punitive expedition was sent into Mexico, without either obtaining consent of the *de facto* government or breaking off relations with it. This was a distinct breach of international law.

THE punitive expedition furnished Carranza the excuse to rally even his enemies to his support. Assuming the role of defender of his country, he notified Washington that he would oppose the advance of the American column. The State Department warned Carranza that resistance would bring the "gravest consequences." His answer was an order to his soldiers to stop the column's advance. This was done first at Parral, 250 miles south of the border, where the Mexicans fought until the United States forces retired, and at Carrizal, where the Carranzistas ambushed a regiment and almost annihilated it.

The prisoners of war taken by Carranza's troops at Carrizal were held in jail at Chihuahua. When the United States Government demanded their release, Carranza neglected to reply. Then Samuel Gompers telegraphed directly to Carranza asking him to release the soldiers. The request was granted and Carranza closed his telegraphic reply: "I salute you. Affectionately yours."

Instead of the "gravest consequences" which had been threatened by the Government of the United States, the Pershing expedition was withdrawn. A few days later, on July 2, 1916, the State Department sent a note to Carranza, expressing hope for a continuation of cordial relations in the "spirit of friendship and solicitude" which animated the American government.

Carranza and his followers knew no bounds, sent telegrams and cables all through Central and South America, announcing that the "Constitutionalists" had repelled invasion and that the Government of the United States had apologized.

After this the prestige of the United States declined, as can be seen by the following incident:

THE American warship Annapolis was on duty at Mazatlan, the principal Mexican port on the Pacific. A boat was sent ashore to communicate with the American Consul. As two officers stepped out of it, Carranzista soldiers seized them and marched them to jail amid threats from the mob. Other soldiers attempted to capture the navy boat, but it shoved off and returned to the ship, followed by a volley from ashore which killed one officer and wounded another. The landed officers were held in prison until the next day

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Orders from Washington that navy officers should not interfere ashore prevented reprisal.

THE recognition of Carranza, instead of improving conditions in Mexico, was annihilating the country and proving a boomerang to the United States. Secretary Lansing of the State Department, in a note addressed to Carranza, on June 20, 1916, eight months after the recognition was granted, protested against the "continuous bloodshed and disorder," sacrifice of lives of United States citizens, damages to property and interference with enterprises established by investors in the United States, and incursions into United States territory and depredations and murders there.

This note, which contains more than 5,000 words, bears after the signature of Secretary Lansing the following endorsement: "The report of the Secretary of State has my approval. Woodrow Wilson."*

The archives of the Department of Justice hold the exhaustive report of Charles E. Jones, agent of the United States Bureau of Investigations, showing that Carranza, under the advice of the German Minister in Mexico, organized expeditions of armed men to invade United States territory in order to provoke a war which would either prevent the United States from taking part in the European war or distract its attention and reduce its fighting power. The same report shows that the activities of Carranza extended to Central America, planting the seeds of a series of conflicts in which the United States is entangled there to this very moment.

Such was the state of affairs when Carranza thought to give his dictatorship the semblance of legality. He started his revolution against Huerta in 1913, on the pretext and pledge that he would restore the Constitution of the country, that of 1857, of course. Then he shifted his platform to suit the Mexican radicals and promised a new constitution.

If "Constitutionalism" had meant anything to Carranza and his followers, they would have established a legal government under the Constitution of 1827, which was and is to this day the rightful Constitution of the country; and then they would have reformed the organic law by the means therein provided. Instead, the dictator called an illegal Constitutional Convention or Constituent Assembly to meet at Queretaro and adopt what he outlined as "necessary reforms" to the Constitution.

First of all, Carranza made sure that the Constitutional Convention was "packed." Only Carranzistas were eligible to sit in the Convention, for Carranza decreed that: "Besides those disqualified by the said Constitution (that of 1857) no one shall be elected who either by taking up arms or holding government positions has aided the governments or factions hostile to the Constitutionalist cause." Next Carranza saw to it that only his followers could vote at the "election" to select delegates to the convention. He decreed that voters must prove at least six months' local residence immediately preceding the "election." As most of the citizens had been compelled to flee, to escape the atrocities of the revolution, only the few who had accepted the Carranza dictatorship could show their right to vote. Failing to establish six months' residence, voters might qualify "provided they proved with actual deeds their adherence to the Constitutionalist cause."

Underwood

PRESIDENT CALLES OF MEXICO

THUS came into existence the hand-picked "Constituent Assembly" of Queretaro, elected under the supervision of Carranza's military and political appointees, representing a small proletarian minority in arms and utilizing a supremacy that had come to them only through the unwarranted and blind interference of the United States in the internal affairs of Mexico.

That the so-called Constitution of 1917 was foisted upon Mexico is on record in the "Official Journal" of The Queretaro Assembly. "Representative" Machorro Narvaes made a speech which in part read thus: "The present revolution is not as yet popular in Mexico. The greater part of the Mexican people are still against the revolution: the upper classes, part of the middle class and the old intellectual element are against the revolution, as well as the laboring class of a certain rank; the clerks and office employees who constitute mainly the middle class are also against the revolution. We are still in the minority."**

Article 27 of the Constitution, which has been since 1917 the bone of the international contention because of its confiscatory features, was passed on one reading, while the rules permitting debate were suspended, and while the Chairman was appealing to the sleeping delegates to remain awake.***

Sleep or no sleep, the "Constituent Assembly" finished on time the task set before it by the dictator, and on February 5, 1917, the so-called Constitution was promulgated as if it expressed the sovereign will of 15,000,000 people. Yet this so-called Constitution is not even capable of legalization because it is void from its inception. It has no binding effect whatsoever upon Mexicans or foreigners, if judged by the rules of jurisprudence of any civilized people.

Carranza proceeded, immediately after promulgating the Red Constitution of 1917, to transform himself from "First Chief of the Constitutionalist Army in Charge of the Executive Power" into Constitutional President. He ordered an "election" in which no other candidate appeared. The number of votes cast for him was not announced, but it was assumed after this formality that Carranza had become the constitutionally-elect President of Mexico. As such the United States recognized him.

THE Government of the United States did enter a protest against the confiscatory and anti-foreign provisions of the Constitution, but Carranza reassured the State Department by calling its attention to the provision for

*S. Res. 106. Pages 1215-23.
**Vol. II, page 71.
***(Diario de los Debates, Vol. 11).

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non-retroactivity of the laws. He did not make any effort to put into practice the confiscatory or other objectionable provisions of the "Law of the Land," but applied himself to consolidating his position and to keeping at bay the Communists, who were pressing him for the realization of the radical program.

This prudent conduct bore its fruits. In 1919, General Felipe Angeles, who had been exiled in the United States since the fall of Villa, re-entered the country and joined the few forces still fighting in Chihuahua. Villa, advised by Angeles, reorganized his forces and attacked the town of Juarez. The Carranzista garrison was at the point of a defeat—in fact, was defeated, holding only a very small section of the town. Then the distressed Carranzists turned their artillery northward and fired into El Paso. As if by prearrangement, United States forces crossed the boundary line and fought until Villa and Angeles retired.

MEANWHILE another Mexican presidential election was approaching. The new "Constitution" forbade reelection. The official candidate was Ignacio Bonillas, Ambassador to Washington. Alvaro Obregon, then head of the Communist party, and Pablo Gonzalez, the man who had commanded the most troops during the revolution, were opposition candidates.

Bonillas went to Mexico City and began, with the help of Carranza, a campaign in United States style. Obregon was touring the country and attacking Carranza in bold and garrulous speeches, until Carranza threatened to put him in jail. Gonzalez remained in Mexico City, waiting developments.

As the partisans of Obregon were becoming restless, Carranza thought to consolidate his field by asking Gonzalez to withdraw. Gonzalez refused, contending that a free election was promised. Carranza dismissed him, and Gonzalez prepared to revolt.

A few days later, Carranza realized that his position in Mexico City was untenable. He left, taking in many trains the archives, the employees, and even pieces of furniture, for a "temporary transfer of the seat of government to the Port of Vera Cruz."

Gonzalez entered Mexico City and established a semblance of government. Obregon, gathering some of his forces and deceiving others belonging to Gonzalez, hurried to intercept Carranza, which he did by attacking the trains at the border of the plateau. A fight ensued, the presidential forces were defeated, and the trains were looted. Carranza escaped north into the mountains, followed by a few friends, without money and without hope.

Obregon turned to Mexico City, drove out Gonzalez, and prepared to carry out the "Plan of Agua Prieta," devised by Calles. This plan called for the appointment of a provisional president and for elections after the overthrow of Carranza.

A few days later, Carranza reached a settlement called Tlazcalantongo, in the mountains of Puebla, accompanied by a small escort which had been offered by a "general" claiming to be a partisan

Underwood

ADOLFO DE LA HUERTA

of the fugitive President. Carranza was given a bamboo hut by himself. At midnight, while he slept, its bamboo walls were riddled with bullets. Public opinion charged Obregon with the murder. Candido Aguilar, Minister of Foreign Affairs under Carranza, as reported by special cable to the New York "World" on September 26, 1927, made the accusation in the following words:

"The death of Carranza was not a crime of the army nor was the nation guilty of it. Carranza was assassinated by Rodolfo Herrero, who obeyed orders that were transmitted to him through Basave and Pina. These orders, General Obregon, you gave.

"You have said in your political campaign that the people should know the truth. Very well, say it or I will say it and back up my statements with irrefutable proofs."

Aguilar had to run for his life and is still in Cuba.

WITH the murder of Carranza the destinies of Mexico passed into the control of the radicals, headed by Obregon, Calles and De la Huerta, who became known as the Triumvirate.

If absolute control of the government of the United States had fallen into the hands of two radical farmers and one small politician when State Socialism was in the saddle in one of the northwestern States a few years ago, and all the political and financial machinery of the country had been revolutionized to suit their ideas, it would have been a parallel to what has happened in Mexico since 1920.

Plutarco Elias Calles sprang from the roughest of frontier society; Alvaro Obregon and Adolfo de la Huerta came from a little higher up the social scale. These three men had an agreement to occupy the Presidency by turns.

Once in possession of Mexico City, Obregon had Congress appoint De la Huerta Provisional President as a step preparatory to national elections. De la Huerta brought to Mexico City a staff of Communists, and re-enforced them with foreign radicals from Russia, Spain, and the United States. The Red Flag was displayed at the National Palace, and the Mexican Flag was for some time ignored. Mexico became a cheap imitation of a Soviet Republic.

Through a false election, Alvaro Obregon became President of Mexico on December 1, 1920. There was only one perfunctory opposition by one candidate. For a time the bargain among the three chieftains was fulfilled. Obregon appointed Calles to the most important position in the Cabinet, that of Secretary of the Interior, where he prepared himself for the presidential succession, which he did by first destroying the enemies of the revolution and then establishing in Yucatan the first Communist government in the American hemisphere. Mexican jails were filled with "reactionaries." The Maria Islands, the Siberia of Mexico, acquired a numerous population of political prisoners. Assassinations were committed all over the country. Confiscation and exile became every-day occurrences. The pressure of terror was so great that emigration increased to the alarming total of 300,000 a year.

The Government carried its tactics

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even across the Rio Grande. Its agents made frequent incursions into the United States to kidnap Mexican refugees under the noses of the United States authorities. General Lucio Blanco was dragged from a hotel in Laredo, Texas, chloroformed, and driven in an automobile to the Rio Grande. There he and one of his kidnappers were manacled together, beaten, and thrown in the river and drowned.

The Treasury portfolio was given to De la Huerta, who used it to reward friends and, through lavish generosity, to build up for himself a popularity consonant with his later ascendancy.

The granting of concessions for every imaginable purpose became an orgy during De la Huerta's short term as Provisional President and under Obregon. Rights to exploit petroleum lands, made the property of the nation in 1917, were given in measures of geographical degrees, and forest lands in tremendous areas.

MEANTIME, the international situation had changed. On March 4, 1921, the Democratic Administration of President Wilson was succeeded by a Republican one under President Harding. The Republicans had come into power pledging, among other things, to reverse Wilson's Mexican policy, to protect American rights in Mexico, and allow the Mexicans to act freely in their internal matters. A Sub-Committee of the Committee of Foreign Relations of the Senate had investigated the Mexican situation and issued a preliminary report containing 3,551 pages of closely set type. A drastic new policy was expected.

In Mexico also, however, changes had occurred in the government; the people in power blamed Carranza for all the evils of the past and pledged themselves to a just and honest administration at home as well as to a fair international policy. Washington thought it advisable to wait until new developments should give a basis for action. Of course, recognition was withheld.

As Washington's recognition meant everything for the Triumvirate, Calles, De la Huerta and Obregon started at once a systematic campaign to secure favorable action by the Harding Administration. A plan was formed, based on the following assumptions:

That the great majority of the people of the United States are natural enemies of Wall Street and "the interests."

That most politicians of the United States can be influenced by propaganda, provided there is an opportunity for them to further their personal interest.

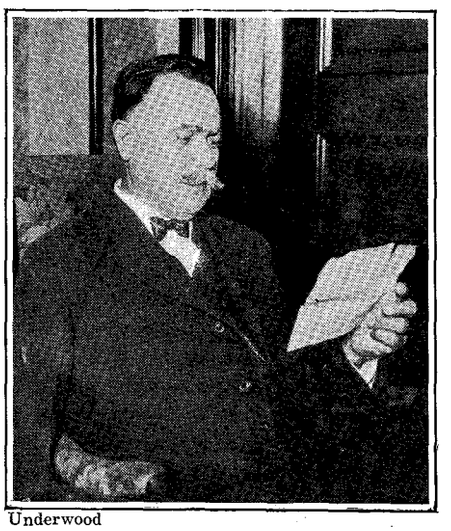
That the press can be influenced by money, either directly through corrupt editors or indirectly through news agencies and special correspondents.

That there are numerous groups and societies dominated by "cranks" or publicity seekers, which can be induced to criticize the government in international matters.

That certain churches dominated by fanatics and bigots would help any one trying to destroy the Catholic Church.

That industrialists and merchants, already roused to the importance of their foreign trade, can be bluffed by an uproar of antagonistic demonstrations in Latin America.

It followed that the best plan would be to accuse Wall Street and "the interests" of compelling President Harding to withhold recognition, for imperialistic purposes, thus preventing the Mexican Government from realizing its desires to irrigate and divide the land, to educate and advance the laborers, and to free the people from the tyranny of absentee capitalists and from the intolerable yoke of the Catholic Church.



Underwood

GENERAL OBREGON

The entire diplomatic and consular machinery of Mexico was converted into a bureau of propaganda, and private representatives, commissioners, and many other sorts of confidential agents entered the United States. The results were soon felt, but the State Department resisted the appeals for recognition. It was determined to see first whether the Mexican government would live up to expectations and to promises made.

As Washington's resistance stiffened, so did the Mexican propaganda. Mexican radicals, sent to Latin America, organized meetings of protest against the imperialistic designs of the United States in Mexico, and the press gave undue attention to them.

The propaganda began to show its visible signs in resolutions and petitions forwarded to Washington from Chambers of Commerce, State Legislatures, universities, religious societies, and innumerable individuals asking for recognition of the Obregon Government. Twenty-one State Legislatures passed such resolutions.

The three Mexican leaders at the same time were moving in other directions. De la Huerta came to New York in 1922 to meet the International Committee of Holders of Mexican Bonds. He told them that the Mexican Government was willing to resume payment on the national debt and to liquidate its interest in arrears, but that it would only be possible for the Mexican Treasury to do this if the oil interests would come to terms so as to assure the revenue from oil taxes. On this basis the International Committee signed an agreement with De la Huerta and arranged a conference between representatives of the oil interests and of the Obregon Government. The conference took place in Mexico City in the summer of 1923.

For many weeks it appeared that no agreement could be reached. Then somebody, later identified as a prominent American business man, suggested that the natural reserves of oil and the holdings of United States petroleum companies in Mexico be merged in a gigantic corporation, in which the Mexican Government—or rather the Triumvirate—should have a minority interest. The Triumvirate traded until the following considerations were agreed upon: the oil interests must (1) pay $10,000,000 as "advance taxes"; (2) use their influence in Washington to obtain an early recognition of the Obregon government; and (3) take a certain amount of bonds to be issued by the Mexican Government and sold by New York bankers.

The first requirement was met by Edward L. Doheny, and the second was arranged for. The United States, as a preliminary to recognition, agreed to meet the Mexican Government at a

(Please Turn to Page 951)

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The World This Week

Government and Prosperity

CAN prosperity stand a wasteful and extravagant government? Ogden L. Mills, Under Secretary of the Treasury, thinks not. Would the Federal Government under Democratic rule be wasteful and extravagant? Mr. Mills thinks it would. He gave his reasons at length in a recent speech before the Republican State Convention of Massachusetts.

His points of attack were the tariff, the McNary-Haugen Bill, taxes and the public debt, and government operation of public utilities.

He pointed out the fact that a tariff bill is written in the first instance by the Ways and Means committee of the House of Representatives. The Democratic members of that committee he said are all but one low tariff men, believing not in a protective but a competitive tariff. Governor Smith's assurances about the tariff, Mr. Mills maintained, are not as important as the views of these men.

Mr. Mills issued a warning against the Government going into business, particularly that of supplying the public with power. He declared that power resources were best developed by private enterprise. He made it plain that power sites should be kept in public ownership and never signed away to private interests; but he added: "We are opposed to government operation as inefficient, wasteful, and extravagant."

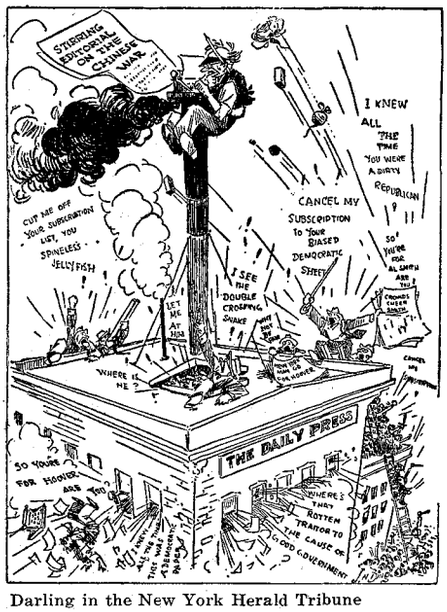
What Mr. Mills laid chief emphasis on was Governor Smith's financial policy in New York State. He first compared the Coolidge policy in the Nation with the Smith policy in the State. "From 1921 to 1929," Mr. Mills said, "the cost of government in Washington has decreased 36 per cent; from 1919 to 1929 the cost of government of the State of New York increased 197 per cent; from 1921 to 1929 Federal taxes decreased 31 per cent, and from 1919 to 1929 New York State taxes increased 181 per cent. During these same periods the National debt was cut by 27 per cent and the net debt of New York grew by 48 per cent." If the comparison between the Federal and a State Government is unfair, then a comparison, Mr. Mills held, between Sister States would show the extravagance of Governor Smith's administration. While New York has been increasing its expenditure and its debt, Massachusetts has been curtailing both debt and expenditures. The temptation to finance the construction of public buildings and highways and the control of floods and the development of water ways by incurring debts is greater at Washington than in New York. Mr. Mills believes that it would be disastrous to National progress to break down the policies that have heretofore characterized Federal finance.

War Debts Again

"FINAL liquidation of the war has at last really begun," declared the French Foreign Minister, M. Briand, recently in Geneva. He was speaking after a five-hour session of delegates of Belgium, France, Germany, Great Britain, Italy, and Japan, at which official negotiations began for the evacuation of the Rhineland by the Allies and for the elaboration of a plan to fix war liabilities at a definite limit and remove them from the field of political controversy.

At the same time it was argued that the decision to make a new agreement regarding reparations must not be considered as an attempt to secure remission of war debts by the Government of the United States. M. Briand told the delegates at the conference that both Germany and the Allies suffered from the same uncertainty—Germany through not knowing how long she might have to pay, and the Allies through not knowing when Germany might cease to pay. Therefore he suggested a European agreement, independent of the United States, that Germany must pay long enough to match the term of Allied debt payments to the United States. This would allow France to ratify her signed war debt agreement with the United States, and might open the way to a general settlement concentrating debts and reparations in one set of obligations to be discharged through a sale of German industrial and railway bonds on international money markets.

In other words, Uncle Sam would face a clearly embarrassing situation—an arrangement for an equal number of payments from Germany to the Allies as from the Allies to the United States, and would get the blame for forcing Europe to continue to pay. Whether this would seem as unendurable to America as Europe apparently thinks remains to be seen. But there is no doubt that the United States would be ready to cooperate in a practical scheme to fund debts and damages in one set of bonds, and to help float their sale. So much has been intimated from Washington. And Germany has hinted at a new invitation to Owen D. Young, who was largely responsible for the Dawes Plan, to come back and draft a revised program to fit the present situation.


STIRRING EDITORIAL ON THE CHINESE WAR
I KNEW ALL THE TIME YOU WERE A DIRTY REPUBLICAN
CANCEL MY SUBSCRIPTION TO YOUR BIASED DEMOCRATIC SHEET!
CUT ME OFF YOUR SUBSCRIPTION LIST, YOU SPINELESS JELLYFISH
I SEE THE DOUBLE CROSSING SNAKE
WHERE IS HE?
THE DAILY PRESS
SO YOURE FOR HOOVER, ARE YOU?
WHERE'S THAT ROTTEN TRAITOR TO THE CAUSE OF GOOD GOVERNMENT?

Darling in the New York Herald Tribune

THE EDITOR WHO TRIED TO RUN AN INDEPENDENT NON-PARTISAN PAPER

Millions of Capitalists

THERE are two ways of breaking down the distinction between capitalists and laborers. One is by making the ownership of capital a public function and thus preventing individuals from becoming capitalists. The other way, which is apparently taking place in America, is by making capitalists of all those who labor.

One form of capital consists of stocks. There are, according to Joseph S. McCoy, actuary of the United States

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Hanny in the Philadelphia Inquirer

IT CAN'T BE DONE

Treasury, 3,000,000 individuals in this country who own such corporate securities. Another form consists of bonds. There are, according to him, about 1,000,000 individual bond holders. This means that one person out of every thirty men, women, and children is a bond holder or a stock holder and to that extent a capitalist. Besides these there are all those who put their capital into other forms of investments, such as savings banks and building and loan associations. Besides these also are those who use their capital in speculation. How widely capital is distributed is indicated by the fact stated by Mr. McCoy to the United Press that: "Millionaires own less than 7 per cent of the outstanding corporation stocks."

▶▶*Whisperer's Credo*

DILIGENT correspondents have collected for the New York Evening World the arguments which are expected to break up the Solid South.

Herewith a few of them:

That Governor Smith holds parties at night in the Capitol at Albany and has "chosen women State employees" in order that they might participate in those parties.

That his secretary is a Negro woman.

That there is a photograph extant showing Governor Smith dancing with a Negro woman.

That if Governor Smith is elected he will bring the Pope to Washington on a battleship and install him in a fortress at Georgetown whose guns will overlook the city of Washington.

That if Governor Smith is elected his inauguration will draw to Washington "every bootlegger, every prostitute, everything from New York City, gathered on the beautiful lawn in front of the White House, all half drunk, singing 'The Sidewalks of New York' and 'Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here'."

That Governor Smith, if elected, will decree that all marriages in the United States must be performed by Roman Catholic priests.

That Governor Smith has repeatedly been carried in a drunken stupor from orgies in the Capitol at Albany.

That Governor Smith, if elected, will put a saloon on every corner. This charge, say the correspondents, is repeated in hundreds of pulpits.

That Mrs. Smith is uncouth, vulgar, dowdy, uneducated and unfit to meet callers at the White House.

That Governor Smith has taken the oath of the Knights of Columbus—established as a forgery in Congress—which requires him to "burn, hang, waste, boil, flay, strangle and bury alive these infamous heretics . . . and crush their infants' heads against the walls in order to annihilate their execrable race."

That "after Al should be President he, of course, will invite the Pope of Rome to visit his faithful son. Now think of President Al, with his coat off, his suspenders in full view, his brown derby cocked to one side, his foot on the brass rail, two foaming mugs of beer in front of him, and saying to the Pope of Rome, 'Come on, Father, have a drink on the President of the United States'."

That "Al Smith has contracted to build a throne in the White House for the Cardinals of the Church of Rome when they visit him, also a special confessional box for his grandchildren to confess."

Marcus in the New York Times

THE SNIPER

BUZZZ

for one, do not propose to take any chances on liquor again obtaining the upper hand in this country. I wish a sane law, wisely administered and one capable of being honestly administered. I would like to see the hypocrisy which now exists in our Legislatures and our homes wiped out, but I want to be very patient with this effort of a great democracy in self-discipline.

"One does not have to be a fanatic to be dry, and unless we destroy the unreasoning and fanatical leadership for a dry America we will some day wake up to find in the reaction a very wet America. As a friend of temperance I am prepared to support Governor Smith, and in so doing I do not propose to be classed as a wet or for liquor because of such support."

If all who aspire to be party keynoters will take to heart the following remarks future campaigns will be shorn of a good deal of their horror.

"The key to the prosperity of the United States," says Mr. Young, "lies in the living standards of its people. These we have raised above all the world, not by politics, but largely in spite of politics. The spirit of men who work with their hands and heads in common understanding and for a common cause, and toward a fair division of the product, is the controlling factor of our success.

"Mr. Hoover and Governor Smith both know the prescription for prosperity. They have both practiced it in their individual lives. They are where they are because they did . . . What nonsense it is to talk about influencing the votes of a free people by threatening economic calamity. Both men stand for prosperity and under either we shall have it."

With confidence in both candidates, Mr. Young looks toward November without apprehension. He leans to Governor Smith because "we need not so much the initiative of a man as we need the initiative of the people, and that means leadership. And so I shall vote for Governor Smith as the man with the greatest capacity for political leadership of any I have ever known."

Underwood

"LAWRENCE OF ARABIA"

Now Reported to be in the Punjab territory, India, Disguised as a Moslem Saint

▸▸*Lawrence as an Arab Saint*

No reports about Lawrence of Arabia can be too romantic or colorful to be plausible; his past career would be unbelievable if it were not a part of history.

The latest story about the man who brought about the fall of Damascus and was called the uncrowned king of Arabia, is that he has been secretly tracing out Communist propaganda in India. Despatches published in London say that Lawrence "disguised as a Mohammedan spiritual guide" has been living among the people of Amritsar in Northern India watching Bolshevist agents, who may well find a fertile field for propaganda in the region where the Amritsar massacre of 1919 took place, in which five hundred natives were killed. Only a short time ago he was said to have taken part in negotiations in a new Anglo-Persian treaty. Again he was rumored to be pacifying a dispute between the King of Irak and the Wahabis.

Perhaps the reports are true; perhaps not; at all events they fit the mysterious character of the man. Officially he is serving under the name of Shaw as a mechanic in Karachi. Whether he was angered by the impossibility of Great Britain's doing for the Arabs what he had led the Arabs to expect, and therefore refused medals and recognition; or whether he had a longing for privacy is an open question. Both theories are current.

That Lawrence's friends in England should question the new report is natural; his mysterious movements have always been kept secret. If the report is a myth, it is at least in character with the man.

▸▸*Loeb and Leopold*

An error in a legal order may allow the release from prison of these murderers. This is according to the statement as reported in newspaper dispatches from Chicago made by Hinton G. Clabaugh, Chairman of the Illinois Board of Pardons and Paroles. In that statement it was said that they had been sentenced to ninety-nine years for kidnapping and to life imprisonment for murder; but that the order commit-

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ting them to prison allowed the two sentences to run concurrently; and therefore they might be paroled in six or seven years. They have been in prison for four. We at once telegraphed to Mr. Clabaugh as follows:

"When will Loeb and Leopold be eligible for parole? Will they then presumably be paroled? Was the error in mittimus failure to provide that the sentences be served consecutively? Is a twenty year term in Illinois invariably equivalent to life sentence? Can ninety-nine year sentence for kidnapping like life sentence be reduced to twenty years and then be modified by parole?"

Mr. Clabaugh replied as follows:

"Loeb and Leopold have been in prison four years and will be eligible for parole in sixteen years without allowance for statutory or other good time.

"In the past it has been almost invariable practice to parole when twenty years have been served. I may also add that at the present time out of the hundreds upon hundreds who have been sentenced for murder in Illinois only fifteen are incarcerated in our three penal institutions who have been there longer than twenty years for murder.

"The Prosecuting Attorney states there was no error in the mittimus. I am not prepared to say whether it was an error in the mittimus or whether the failure to state that sentences were to be served consecutively was purposely omitted. Unless sentences were specifically stated to run consecutively the law is that they run concurrently, and where they run concurrently the prisoner serves on the longer sentence of the two. It is my contention that all sentences are for the maximum as a legal proposition and that natural life is longer than ninety-nine years. In other words, Loeb and Leopold are serving a sentence for murder only.

"A ninety-nine year sentence for kidnapping is known as a definite sentence and at least one-third of definite sentence must be served before prisoner is eligible for parole. If sentence did run consecutively the prisoner would be compelled to serve at least the minimum for each of the crimes instead of the minimum for only one.

"The Parole Board has no power; but the Governor has the constitutional power to reduce any sentence to the minimum provided for that crime. The minimum for kidnapping for ransom in Illinois is five years and the maximum is death. In my judgment the value of the deterrent effect and the strongest argument in favor of capital punishment is that in practically every case sooner or later the prisoners serve the minimum for murder instead of being held for the maximum or for life. The net on the whole subject is that Loeb and Leopold are unquestionably eligible for parole in twenty years and subject to greater deduction if courts allow statutory good time. My purpose in twice calling attention to this case is that life sentences are seldom served in full, that time is a great factor, and that influences exerted from eleven to twenty years after the crime has been committed attract little attention. Furthermore, no one knows who will compose the Parole Board in the future. Neither did the public expect that these two prisoners in four years would be given honored secretarial assignments in prison.

"One of the prisoners, Leopold, refused to testify in connection with a riot in the prison which resulted in the murder of the first Deputy Warden and still he received preferment.

"The Illinois statutory good time law of 1872 provides that a twenty year sentence may be served in full in eleven years and three months. The Illinois Legislature of 1925 repealed the good time law of 1872 and passed the following law: 'The Department of Public Welfare is authorized and directed to prescribe reasonable rules and regulations for the diminution of sentences on account of good conduct of persons heretofore and hereafter convicted of crime who are confined in the state penal and reformatory institutions.' The foregoing diminution of sentence law was passed a year after Loeb and Leopold were sentenced. Up to the present time the Department of Public Welfare has prescribed no additional good time allowances, but is merely continuing in effect, under the discretionary statutory authority granted, the old good time law of 1872.

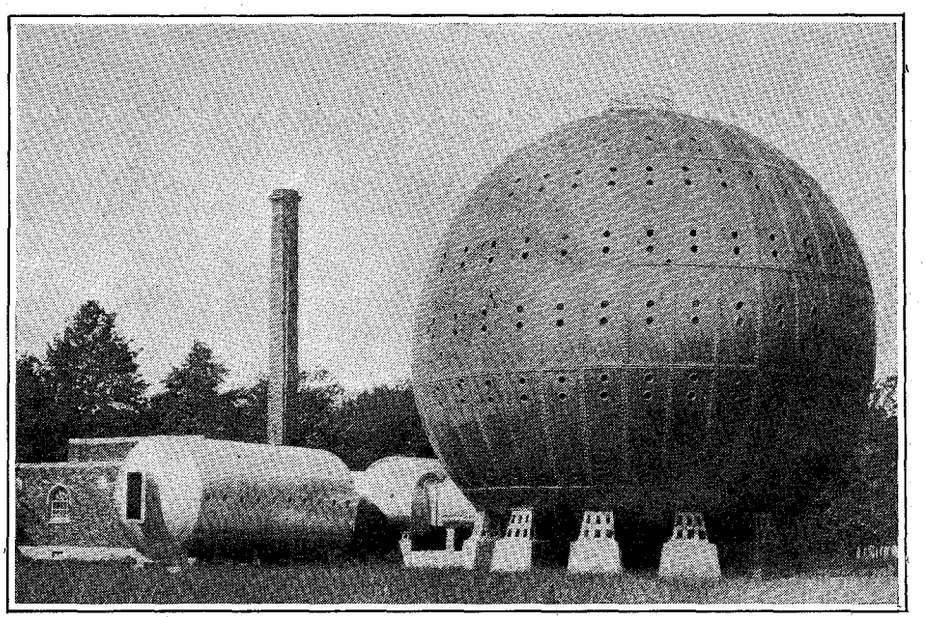
"May I ask one question? If it was never intended that the sentences run consecutively, why was it that carefully prepared statements were issued at the time of the sentence and published in every paper in America stating that the prisoners were sentenced to ninety-nine years for kidnapping when we now learn authoritatively that no such sentence was imposed and there was no error in the mittimus?

Hinton G. Clabaugh."

On another page we state The Outlook's opinion concerning the relation of this condition of affairs to the movement of the abolition of capital punishment.

▶▶*Polluted Air*

ATMOSPHERIC pollution by exhaust gases from motor cars has not yet become a very serious problem and careful investigation in many cities has made clear that there is little to fear as yet. A joint committee representing motorists, scientists and health officers has nevertheless been organized



Wide World

FOR CURING DISEASE BY AIR

A new $1,000,000 Sanitarium in Cleveland, Ohio, where disease will be treated by compressed air

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for the purpose of seeing that it does not become a menace in future, and for keeping track of the matter scientifically as it becomes more urgent with the expected increase in motor traffic.

Streets are still safe from the carbon monoxide in poisonous proportions in motor exhaust gases, but leaky exhaust heating pipes in public vehicles have caused some deaths; repair garages are sometimes dangerous for those who work regularly in them; taxicab stands are sources of possible risk, as taxi-drivers idle their motors at such places; and there are a few other tender spots. However, the committee finds no general hazard at present but expects to remain permanently on the job and see that no general hazard is permitted to arise.

▸▸*An Opportunity for Quacks*

STILL further advances in the problem of the mysterious cosmic radiation originally discovered more than twenty years ago by Kolhörster and others, and made widely known by Millikan because of his more recent research on it, have been announced before the National Academy of Sciences by the same worker. Heretofore we have not known where these deeply penetrating rays originated; now we know where they don't originate—in the stars. Dr. Millikan pointed out to the Academy of Sciences that if the rays came, as has been thought, from transformation of matter into energy in the stars, then the sun, which is the nearest of the stars, should send us more than the others. But it does not; the rays come to us from all directions, and in equal volumes whether at midnight or midday. Obviously then, Millikan reasons, stars (or suns) are not the source of the rays. What, then, remains? Space. The rays must originate in space—how we do not know as yet, but infer that they arise from the creation of matter from energy there.

In addition to the cosmic rays, which are no academic matter, for they send us ten per cent as much energy as the sun does, Millikan predicts the discovery of rays of even shorter length and higher frequency than the cosmic rays.

What shall be done with these unexploited rays? No one knows nor is there any assurance that they will ever have a practical application. However, when X-rays were discovered in 1895 it was said they would be only theoretical in value. The oddest thing of all is the fact that the medical quacks and health cranks have been so slow to exploit this new kind of "ray." Perhaps they are not sufficiently exclusive for that, for they fall on—and through—all of us at virtually all times.

Wide World

CAPTAIN RICHARDS AND HIS MECHANICAL MAN

Which can move its hands, sit down and stand up, and actually speak

▸▸*Power to Think*

LIBERTY of thought as the natural right and achievement of the really educated man was emphasized by two university Presidents at the opening of the academic year. It is not this or that opinion which a university "stands for" but rather "full freedom of opportunity to discuss" such opinions, said Dr. Butler of Columbia. At the same time he pointed out that there is very little thought today that was not thought long ago, and that "the conservation of knowledge is the basis of all teaching that is really worth while."

About the same time President Hibben was telling Princeton undergraduates not to accept authority unquestioned but to use their own minds. We can only avoid becoming mental parasites, "drawing that which enriches our lives from the labors and thoughts of others," by recognition of this law: "That whenever knowledge can be not merely received by us but also assimilated, then it is not merely stored in our memory, but it becomes transmuted into intellectual vigor, moral conviction, or spiritual appreciation."

▸▸*Many Eyes on the Heavens*

IN all the realm of science there is now no branch which quite equals astronomy in popular pulling power. Some months ago Dr. Burton Livingston, permanent secretary of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, made a careful analysis of the matter published by the newspapers during the annual meeting of that nation-wide organization, and found astronomy for all practical purposes the leader. If newspaper editors are capable of judging the taste of their readers, a thing the publishing world regards as axiomatic, this indicates a strong and widespread interest

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in the science of the heavens among laymen.

This interest in astronomy doubtless pertains, not to the purely technical side of the science, but to its philosophical side. Even as those of us who know of its vast concepts a generation ago were awed by them and regarded them as too large ever to become appreciably larger, so do we know today that the progress during the past decade of discovery alone has made those concepts relatively as small as those of Biblical days were when compared with them.

The renewed interest in practical popular astronomy may be gauged by the fact that one magazine partly devoted to astronomy has succeeded during the past few months in encouraging three thousand inexperienced amateurs to make homemade astronomical telescopes and use them to reveal the secrets of the heavens at which a naked eye view only hints.

➤➤*The Ritual Murder Myth*

One of the strangest byways of superstition is the survival among civilized peoples of belief in the existence of human sacrifice as a religious rite. In the Christian era Jews and Christians have both suffered from these libels. Half a dozen Fathers of the early Christian church refuted with indignation the atrocious charge that the Lord's Supper involved human sacrifice. In the Middle Ages it was a common belief of the ignorant that the Jewish Passover called for Christian blood in its rites; at one time in Europe a legend was current that the Jews of every province chose yearly by lot the town which should be the scene of a ritual murder.

The deplorable result was that in England, in Russia, in Poland, and elsewhere, from time to time the disappearance of a child has renewed this libel. Hugh of Lincoln's case in the thirteenth century produced a gruesome but heart-stirring ballad. There were several such cases in the last century in which the Jews were accused and often persecuted and attacked.

The other day in a little Jugo-Slavian village a young Jewish girl disappeared; the word went around that in every Jewish synagogue a Christian child was immured; forty persons were arrested for inciting to violence and for spreading anti-Senutic hatred; couriers with trumpets were sent through the province to denounce the charge against the Jews; a general anti-Jewish program was all but under way. Fortunately the girl was found, tired but unharmed. In Zaklikow, Poland, a similar incident occurred, the supposed victim being a boy of three; witnesses swore they saw a Jew abduct the child. He had simply wandered off and got lost.

Race hatred is one of the last outposts of barbarism.

➤➤*Ten Players and a Captain*

The football captaincy, like the titular leadership of the college crew, has been falling into disrepute these days. Strange experiments are being tried that are something of a shock to tradition. Time was when the football captain was also the coach; today he is merely another player, unless, as in the case at Yale, Harvard and Princeton, he asserts himself, sometimes, if not always, for the good of the team. Only recently one of the most famous coaches in the country called the captain to him and asked: "How many men on a football team?" "Why, eleven, of course," replied the bewildered young man. "Oh no," retorted the coach, "there are ten players and the captain, who is always the poorest player on the field. Keep that in mind and you and I will get along together."

There are several elevens these days led by two captains, the men alternating throughout the schedule. Ohio State has gone further than that, because of sad experience with fraternity influence, and will be led by a different captain in every game. Doubtless no one of them will have any great influence on the play of the team. The matter was appropriately solved years ago in the case of rowing at Cornell. When the captain of the crew failed to make the grade as an oarsman, the post was abolished by Charlie Courtney, the coach, and the office of commodore was created. This commodore, while an oarsman, was chosen because of his personal popularity regardless of his merits on the water, and the system worked well. It will be long, however, before Yale, Harvard and Princeton will abolish the captain in any sport.

Underwood

A RUSSIAN LEADER

M. I. Kalinin, with his wife and son. He is President of the Central Executive Committee of the U. S S. R. and is popularly known as the President of Russia

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Journey's End

GOVERNOR SMITH traded the last of his brown derbies for a dog and came home to consult and be consulted about his successor on the state ticket.

He came back in good health and good spirits.

"If there is any doubt how I feel," he added, "let me say that I had a belt line steak and fried potatoes for breakfast."

A belt line steak, he explained, is like a belt line railroad that encircles a city; it overlaps the plate.

Allowing for an interest in the man that may not be reflected in the vote, his supporters sum up his first speaking trip as a Presidential candidate in somewhat this fashion:

The intolerance speech helped little, if at all, in the West but has had a favorable reaction in the East.

The speech on water power, his endorsement of the principle of the McNary-Haugen bill, his pledge to develop inland waterways, his denunciation of Republican corruption have brought him the support of the disgruntled farmers and progressives.

The prohibition speech helped where modification is favored and did not harm him elsewhere, since it merely restated his well-known opinions.

Consequently:

All hope of Oklahoma has been abandoned;

Wisconsin is won;

Montana is for him;

He has better than an equal chance in Minnesota, Nebraska and North Dakota;

Colorado is fifty-fifty;

Wyoming is a fighting chance.

The biggest crowds turned out in Kansas small towns, but no claims are made for Kansas.

Reorganizing China

THE Chinese Nationalists have begun an interesting experiment in government which appears to mean the final blow to any connection between them and Soviet Russia. They have evolved a system of administration by five boards, derived from traditional Chinese forms and adapted to their ideas of Chinese needs.

To the departments familiar to Americans—the executive, legislative, and judicial—they add two others, those of examination and of censorship. The first is a modernization of the old examination system by which officials were chosen under the Chinese Empire, and corresponds in some ways to our civil service system. The second comes from the old institution of the censors who observed and reported all acts of rulers and officials. This picturesque custom is to be adjusted to present-day conditions; and without knowing exactly how it will work, it suggests possibilities of control which many Americans would like to apply to officials in Washington and elsewhere.

The Nationalist Government at Nanking is now apparently well established; and the Department of State at Washington has acknowledged that, in negotiating its treaty of last July granting tariff autonomy, it accorded full recognition *de jure* to the new Chinese rulers. Their chief danger, a threat of rebellion from Gen. Chang Tsung-chang, formerly Governor of Shantung, who fought against them in the recent civil war, has been eliminated through betrayal of his plot and the capture or dispersion of his forces. At present the Nanking authorities are engaged in prosecuting a series of campaigns and raids against communistic organizations in Hunan and Kwangtung provinces in the south, where the Russian influence was strongest during the period of activities of Soviet representatives in the course of the civil war. But these are hardly regarded by most observers as dangerous to the Nationalist administration, which constitutes the first really unified government of China in a decade.

Underwood

TWO ROYAL ADMIRALS

King Alfonso of Spain (left) with King Gustav of Sweden on board a Swedish Battleship

Keystone

PICKWICK CHARACTERS

In The Dickens Folk Fayre, held at Deal, England

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Editorials

Mrs. Willebrandt

A READING of the recent speeches of Mrs. Willebrandt does not, in our opinion, justify the charge that she is attacking Governor Smith's religion. Further, we think that church bodies which have long fought for strict control of liquor are logical audiences for the chief enforcement officer.

The case against Mrs. Willebrandt is that she has contributed not one constructive thought to an issue that badly needs rational and thoughtful treatment; worse, she has dealt with it in terms that have no meaning for the generation that will determine the fate of the Volstead Act.

Mrs. Willebrandt says that it can be enforced but nowhere does she explain why it has not been enforced in vast sections of the country. She says that Rum Row has gone but she does not explain that Rum Row is no longer needed. Year by year the illicit traffickers have speeded up production and perfected their methods of distribution. In the big cities the speakeasy surpasses the saloon in numbers and viciousness. The outlawed distiller has been supplanted by the bootleg ring with its criminal affiliations and its armies of gunmen. Its allies are the old allies of the saloon—corrupt police and politicians. The crowd against which the church fought is gone. In its place is this far more sinister new one, product, ironically enough, of prohibition and in favor of its continuance.

An increasing number of citizens—Elihu Root is the latest to express himself—are convinced that the present method of regulating the sale and consumption of liquor is not the best method. The goal being temperance, what is the best method?

Governor Smith has submitted certain proposals. They are not perfect, but they form the first practical basis for study and discussion of an intolerable condition. They recognize the existing wet and dry sentiment and propose a method of regulation founded on local desires.

Mrs. Willebrandt contributes:

1. Prohibition is not a normal political issue.
2. Prohibition is a moral issue.

Such statements, if they are sincere expressions of belief, disqualify Mrs. Willebrandt for her office. The liquor question has been in politics for years, prohibition was achieved in politics, and it will be modified or made increasingly effective in the same medium. It is in politics as an expression of the ethical belief that the temperate life is the best life. The attempt to control the sale and use of liquor is, we agree with Mr. Hoover, a social experiment. It is in part an economic issue. It is not and never was a moral issue.

In resorting to that phrase Mrs. Willebrandt invokes the old, naive belief that one drink started the drinker to the gutter. It invokes the spirit of Carrie Nation and aligns the person who uses it today with the Dr. Stratons of the country. In that role Mrs. Willebrandt justifies Republican protests, Democratic applause, and the disgust of those who look for intelligent consideration of a difficult situation. The generation that is going to deal with it in the next several years is not interested in such arguments.

Not Vengeance But Safety

ONE sure way of perpetuating the death penalty is to deal feebly with capital crime.

Is that a paradox? It is nevertheless true.

Loeb and Leopold, two youths convicted in Chicago a few years ago of kidnapping and coldly killing a boy, Robert Franks, were convicted and sent to prison under the double sentence of ninety-nine years and life. Now, it appears from a statement of the Chairman of the Illinois Pardon and Parole Boards (published elsewhere in this issue) that they will be eligible for parole in a few years. They have been given easy tasks as private secretaries. They have privileges. They have been obedient to prison rules, which provide the prison standard of "good behavior." There is nothing to show, however, that they are any the less a menace to society.

One certainty is provided by capital punishment. An executed murderer cannot commit another murder. Under such a system as can release a life convict in a few years, life imprisonment provides no such certainty. Society may—we hope, will—renounce public vengeance. But it will never willingly abandon self-defense. The perpetrators of such an atrocity as the murder of Robert Franks have no right to liberty. Their release would be the strongest possible argument that in the present state of civilization it is not safe to abolish capital punishment.

We repeat what we said a few months ago. The Outlook advocates the abolition of capital punishment, but only

Provided, first, that any one convicted of murder shall be sentenced by a tribunal or commission of experts;

Second, that once sentenced to life imprisonment, a murderer shall not have his sentence remitted or commuted except by a court of law;

Third, that he shall be subject to the death penalty if while in prison he commits murder again.

The Editors

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Foreign Opinion

By MALCOLM W. DAVIS

MORE than fighting strength at sea is involved in the plan for navy limitation which England and France suggested to the United States and the United States rejected. The principles of that plan are outlined elsewhere in this issue. For French adherence to the British idea of restricting large cruisers armed with heavy guns and also large submarines, and leaving construction free in smaller classes, Great Britain had to offer something in return. What she conceded was a point for which France has contended ever since the World War—assent to the French desire to maintain a large standing army based on conscription. And both English and European observers have been more excited by that than by American objections to the naval accord.

In fact, both England and Europe see the way still open to a naval understanding. The Paris press is unanimously optimistic about prospects for further negotiations. London papers have been attacking their own Government for its attempt to make a special deal with France; they agree in praising the restrained and conciliatory tone of the American reply. And they go on, in the words of the "Daily News," to speak of the Anglo-French compact as a device "at a price which enables the French to assume the military dictatorship of Europe, to put America in a hole by forcing her to accept a convenient British way of limitation."

There the British comment touches upon the aspect of the Anglo-French naval correspondence which has upset Europe—the acceptance by Great Britain of the position of France regarding land disarmament. Germany has declared this to mean the failure of the Locarno agreement between her and the Allies. Italy suspects an arrangement by which France could concentrate air and sea forces against her. Soviet Russia asks: "Is it an Anglo-French bloc against America or a united front against the Soviet Union?"

The debates on disarmament at the League of Nations in Geneva have turned on the question of volunteer vs. conscript armies. Obviously a nation like France, maintaining her forces by a system of compulsory service that turns out classes of trained reserves, has an advantage over countries maintaining volunteer forces. The United States, at a distance from Europe, can afford not to be much concerned over this question—unless there should be another general war. Germany, obliged by the Versailles Treaty to have a small professional army without a conscript system, looks at matters differently. Hitherto she has been able to count on British support in her arguments for substantial reduction of land forces. Hence her dissatisfaction with the disarmament discussions at Geneva, and the withdrawal of the German delegate.

NOT unrelated to German feeling about the Anglo-French understanding on armaments is the campaign that the reactionary Nationalists have started in Berlin against the present form of republican government. Press reports from Berlin say that they chose this time because they think that the Cabinet is in a weak position after failing to secure satisfaction at the Geneva gathering, and also because they see an opportunity to argue that the nation is being "encircled by the same tactics practiced before the war."

Acting through the semi-military organization known as the steel helmets, the Nationalists proposed a referendum which would set aside the existing parliamentary system and open the way for a return to monarchy. The movement is not actually a serious one politically for the reason that a referendum, to be adopted, would require half of the electors, or twenty million citizens, to go to the polls, and no one thinks that the monarchists could get out that many voters. Absence of their opponents would block the project. But an occasion has been furnished for effective propaganda. The Nationalists cloak their aim cleverly by demanding a two-chamber parliamentary system and greater power for the President, as in the United States. The liberal papers, however, point out that what is really meant is abandonment of the basic republican law now in force and preparation for a constitutional monarchy.

MUSSOLINI, always concerned for the increase of Italian population and anxious over the birth rate, has begun to worry also about the racial future of all Europe and America. He sounds a familiar warning in the Fascist magazine "Gherarchia," of a possibility that the black or yellow races, with unimpaired and unrestricted fecundity, may eventually overwhelm the white race. "The whole white race may be submerged by the colored races which multiply with a rhythm unknown to ours . . . they are at our door, not only owing to their fecundity but because they are becoming race conscious . . ."

The Fascist follower of the earlier theory of the former Kaiser of Germany pays no attention to the fact that it is not so much the birth rate as the whole vital rate that counts. And social statistics, according to experts, show that in the last half century the white race has increased and is still increasing faster than the colored races. It does so because white people have preempted the most fertile, richest, and least inhabited parts of the globe, and because they have mastered a scientific technique of sanitation that conserves life. With white population growing actually faster, despite a lower birth rate, Italy's alarmist will have to argue much more cogently to persuade Europe and America to run the social—not to say domestic—risks of a birth rate contest with Africa and Asia.

AMERICAN MOTION PICTURES have had so much criticism abroad that it is pleasant to hear of one board of foreign judges absolving them of undesirable influences. In India, where they constitute four-fifths of the footage shown, they are approved. The Indian Cinametograph Commission reports:

"We are without exception satisfied that the overwhelming majority of films certified for public exhibition in no way tend to demoralize the Indian public."

The Commission goes on to suggest that the reason for criticisms is to be found in trade rivalry and remarks:

"We do not suggest that trade propaganda is illegitimate . . . The British film industry very naturally wishes to recover the positon which it held prior to the war, but when it attempts to show that the films produced in America are in one way or another inferior or harmful, the cautious man will bethink himself that all is fair in love and war."

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What the Country Is Thinking

A Review of Editorial Opinion

By ERNEST HAMLIN ABBOTT

MOST of the political discussion in the newspapers seems to go round and round.

Prohibition—is that the chief issue? Smith started out by making it so. Now he denies that it is. Smith's wet opponents in the East and his dry supporters in the South say, No. His dry opponents in the South and his wet supporters in the East say, Yes. Smith has a plan for something better. Nobody seems to think it will work; but it is a plan, and that is something.

Farm relief—does that depend on the equalization fee? The professional farm leaders in politics said, Yes; reject that and you are against us. The Republicans rejected it. Then it appeared that the farmers were not so sure. Well, then, says Smith, the fee is a detail to be left to a commission. But details are the essence of the problem. Smith is clearly for the fee. Smith is clearly against it. Smith clearly doesn't know whether he is for or against.

Giant power—what is that? Oh, yes, he Power Trust. That is somehow reprehensible. Smith is for public control. That's fine! That's terrible! Government ownership, you know. Does he want the United States Government to own Boulder Dam? He doesn't say. He will leave it to a Commission—like Prohibition and farm relief.

Whispering—nobody likes it; nobody admits doing it. The only people the Democrats complain of are Democrats; but they blame the Republicans. The Republicans say that the Democrats that are not whispering are whimpering. But then, there is propaganda by Mrs. Willebrandt, for instance. But that is not whispering, it is just a Dry talking to Drys. Well, how about the Democratic National Committee, with its phrase about the "fat candidate from Picadilly"? Is that whispering? No, but somebody should sit on it.

Religion—not an issue. Yet that is what the whispering is about. Anyway, everybody should vote for Smith because he is a Catholic, and that would prove that there isn't any religion in the campaign.

Tariff? The Democrats are for it; but it doesn't do any good. It won't help the farmer and it stops foreign trade. Then why have a tariff? Well, everybody is for it, anyway.

Smith's tour of the West is arousing the farmers. It is leaving the farmers lukewarm. It is teaching Smith geography. It is revealing the fact that people are people whether on the sidewalks or on the prairies. It is corralling the Progressive vote. No, that is not a vote; it's a shout. Meanwhile the South is in a turmoil. It was right for Smith in Oklahoma to tell the West about his fine record as Governor of New York; but why, Oh why, did he let his emotions run away with him about slanders? It was right for Smith to show his indignation about slander; but why, Oh why, should he think it necessary to run for Governor of New York in Oklahoma?

How about Hoover? Yes, he should have some views. Hoover doesn't invade any country. But he should repudiate bigots, fanatics, hypocrites, and fools. But Hoover isn't a talker, he's a doer.

Prohibition? Hoover's for it—as an experiment. What if it doesn't work? You mustn't ask that question. Prohibition is in the Constitution and the Constitution's sacred. Then why call prohibition an experiment? An experiment is something to be tried to see if it will work. Anyway, it has abolished the saloon. Everybody is against the saloon. Should the law be modified? Hoover means to modify it if it doesn't work. When did he say that? He didn't say it, but he means it. Anyway, Hoover is dry. Vote for Smith if you want booze; vote for Hoover if you want bread. Prohibition should be investigated. Hoover has promised that. How? He doesn't say.

Farm relief? Hoover is against the equalization fee, principle and all. Instead, he is for tariff, waterways, and a Farm Bureau with stabilizing Corporations (whatever they are). The West is for the St. Lawrence Waterway. So is Hoover; but if Canada won't let us have it then he is for some alternative. That suits the West better than what Smith has said. Smith wants a route through New York. New York, you know, is his State. But he is willing to reconsider if the engineers advise it. The engineers have already advised it. Meantime nobody knows just what to do about the surplus of farm products that pulls the price down. Hoover pulled the price of wheat down himself. No, he didn't. Yes, he did. No, he didn't. The Noes seem to have it.

Giant Power—Hoover is for that. He is for dams and reservoirs. He is for State control—or used to be. Perhaps he will say something more later.

Whispering? Hoover doesn't even whisper. He doesn't whimper, either.

Religion? Hoover is for tolerance. But he's a Quaker, and that might be dangerous in a war. Dangerous? He is for National defense. Yes, and Nicholas Murray Butler has said that that is dangerous, too—very. But nobody pays any more attention to what Nicholas Murray Butler said. It is time he spoke up again.

After all, the big issue is whether you like Hoover or Smith better. Smith says contradictory things in different places, but he is frank and fearless. He is a wisecracker. Then, if you want a wisecracker, why not vote for Will Rogers? Smith is a politician—a Tammany politician. All the better; he knows how to deal with politicians. But we are growing beyond politicians. Hoover is not a politician—except as a candidate. He's an engineer, a constructor, a master economist. But he's a schoolmaster, a dictator. He will be in trouble with Congress. Silence. Nobody seems to object to that.

So the arguers go round and round like squirrels in a cage. Does this sound cynical? It is not meant to be. It is just the effect of reading some two hundred recent editorials.

All this argument, even if it goes in circles, registers some progress. A treadmill can be used to generate power. It is the slow, but perhaps sure way of democracy. These editorial discussions are the outward and visible sign of the oral discussions through which people in village, town, and city make up their minds. It is the way they have been doing for a century and a half. Perhaps this spinning argument has not always generated driving power; but it is the gyroscope that has kept the Republic during these generations steady on its course.

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From the Life

The Test

By IBBY HALL

YOUTH learns early what is expected of it. The patterns of life—stupid or inspiring—are laid out on an inexorable counter. Youth must choose.

Four years ago the pattern of patriotism was the one chosen by a young boy of Pennsylvania. There had always been a streak of heroism in this boy. Life at Annapolis, with its beauty and precision, its gallantry and promise of adventure, no doubt enthralled his soul. Otherwise he would hardly have undertaken the arduous discipline of military training. For this was a boy built on a framework so slight as to be almost feminine. His weight was an inconsiderable something over 100 pounds.

For three years the young midshipman met the requirements of the naval academy. For three years he stood up under the drills, the tests, the rigor and the routine. He must measure himself alongside of giants. That he was unconsciously learning the hard lessons of quickness and response was small comfort to him—if indeed it ever occurred to him at all. He only knew that he was inferior to these others and must try harder than they.

But for all his efforts and for all his success in other requirements during those three years at the academy there was one test he could not meet. Over and over again he dreaded it, he trained for it, he faced it and he failed. This was the life saving test. The mortification of it struck deep.

Perhaps he had strength to pilot only himself through a difficult existence. Apparently there was nothing left over for the other fellow. For three years he was expected to show what he could do if the other fellow went down—and for three years he went on record as being able to do nothing.

THE three years were about over. In another month or so the young midshipmen would be leaving picturesque Annapolis, the wide blue expanse of the Chesapeake Bay and the tricky, lovely shores of the Severn River, for their brief vacations at home.

The sporting events of the spring were on. Boys from other universities were traveling to Crabtown to match their skill and prowess against the abilities of the would-be naval officers. These visitors were the pick of their universities, picked for weight, and brawn and skill. The very sight of them must have been discouraging to the young 115 pounder of a midshipman who had never been able to pass his life saving test. But discouraged or not, his soul and sympathies were with the Naval Academy. He was on hand at every contest, giving through his enthusiasms what he might never give his Alma Mater in glory. Not until the last sporting contest of each day was over did he return to his quarters.

In this way it so happened that he found himself after dark one night not far away from the spot at which the shore line of the little town curves back from the wideness of the Bay to meet the choppy waters of the Severn. At the water's edge a good deal was going on. Visitors, midshipmen, the big fellows from other towns were strolling about, scrapping or shouting, and some of them splashing in the water.

There was a sudden cry of "Help! Man drowning!"

A sudden stiffness of fright in the atmosphere; a sudden turning of tomfoolery into panic.

The young midshipman found himself turning as quickly into an automaton. He became on the instant something of steel and lightning. In another two seconds he was in those dark and choppy waters at the exact spot where a man's head had gone down. Cries went up about him on the water, on the shore. He heard none of them. A man was drowning.

A few feet away that white strange face reappeared again. Again it went down under the blackness of the Severn. The young midshipman made his swift calculation. When that head reappeared for the third time he was there beside it. Before it could slip away into oblivion he had hold of it. Before he himself quite knew how it had happened, he had towed the 200-pound visitor back to life and safety.

THE next morning the rescued giant and the light weight hero lay in nearby cots in the naval hospital. The young hero, possibly, stared at the ceiling, wondering how he was to meet the still unpassed life saving test. The visiting giant stared in the direction of the hero.

Revolt

IN the days of the Go-go, Stop-stop sign horses were still respected. They were not supposed to have college educations exactly, but at least they were given credit for their instincts, and horse sense is a phrase still used by the old fashioned.

But horses have come upon hard times. The few that are left in New York must pick their way through torn up streets and face a razzle-dazzle of electricity that would have sent the high strung creatures of the '90s into hysterics. It is small wonder that one horse at least has come to his senses and has turned Socialist.

In traffic court the other day a distracted junk dealer tried to tell his story.

"You went ahead," sternly accused the magistrate, "when the red light was on. You know better than that. Any New Yorker knows better than that. What excuse have you got for yourself?"

The junk dealer was filled with despair. He had a very good excuse, though he hardly expected the magistrate or anyone else to believe him.

"That horse of mine," he expostulated, "he is bad. He has a stubborn temper. I try to train him into the traffic system, but there is no use. Every time that horse sees red he starts forward with a jump! Every time he sees green he stops dead where he stands! And nothing can make him go ahead."

The magistrate stared at the junk dealer. This capitalist-Socialist problem filled him with uneasiness. For himself he had never cared to deal with it.

"Sentence suspended," he pronounced with great dignity. "But in the future," he admonished sternly, "I advise you to blindfold that horse."

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The Theatre

By FRANCIS R. BELLAMY

FAITHFULNESS to truth is, we suppose, the last thing anyone should demand from a musical comedy. Wherefore the fact that "White Lilacs" (now at the Shubert Theatre) considered merely as the story of Frederic Chopin's love affair with George Sand bears very little resemblance to the original, should not be allowed to detract from its value as an entertainment. And a fairly good entertainment it is.

It would be this, we think, even without the charm which Chopin's music adds to it. For as a romantic musical drama, "White Lilacs" reaches heights unusual in the musical comedy world. In fact, it is fair to say that gradually the music sinks out of sight and the power of the story increases until the climax is almost pure drama merely re-inforced by melody.

Meanwhile, the background, if unveracious, is colorful. The famous artists, poets, writers and musicians who for many years were the background of Chopin's life in Paris and the provinces—Meyerbeer, Heine, Liszt, George Sand—the people who were his friends as well as leading characters in his life, are made to live again on the stage in the Shubert Theatre with considerable reality by De Wolf Hopper, Ernest Lawford, Odette Myrtil. Even Chopin himself as played by Guy Robertson has touches of verisimilitude although on the whole he is the least convincing of all the characters.

IN this day of biography, it was probably inevitable that the story of Chopin and George Sand would sooner or later find its way to the stage. The love affair of the musician, torn by his own genius, sensitive to all impressions, with the infinitely attractive, magnetic woman who understood humanity's emotions so well and yet was at the mercy of her own, presents a story that would attract any dramatist—the more so because the peculiar attraction that drew and held together Chopin and George Sand for eight years has always defied clear analysis. For George Sand, the affair was merely one of the many which made her life stormy and full of emotional as well as financial vicissitude. For Chopin, it was the one passion of any sort which he allowed to rival his passion for music. Both were egotists and individualists to the last degree—particularly Chopin. And one fought illness, and the other emotion. Their eight years together constitute an almost unrivalled picture of Bohemian artistic existence.

In the end, George Sand's emotions swept her on to other conquests. And to judge from all the tender care she expended upon Chopin during the years when they lived together and he was a semi-invalid, their relationship, for her, probably always was closer to that between mother and son than that between mistress and lover. Yet their affair extended for years against all the background of genius and passion and glitter which was artistic Paris in the 40's. And much might be done with it.

Considering this, it is a pity that "White Lilacs" presents little except a fairly faithful reproduction of the society amid which they moved. An affair of a month between two people of genius whose sensitive natures made it impossible for them to be emotionally happy together, resulting in a tragic ending—this is all we see in "White Lilacs."

CONSIDERED solely on its own merits, nevertheless, it is pretty good; mainly, because of Odette Myrtil. We have no knowledge where the Shuberts found her or what is the history of her artistic life. But she comes dangerously close to being a woman of genius herself. Her ability to portray an artistic woman thoroughly experienced in the emotions, yet always at the mercy of her own passions, is little short of remarkable; particularly when one considers that she not only acts, she also sings, dances and plays the violin. We doubt if there is any American actress alive who could do it. And we say this despite the fact that we disliked her intensely during all the first act, only to be won over completely in the end.

As for the others, most of them succeed in producing a fair illusion; from the poet Heine, always the pessimistic observer of the scene, to the voluble mercurial Meyerbeer, quarreling with his librettist, and forever jealous of Mendelsohn.

The whole play, of course, is overshadowed by the intense egotism of genius whether in poet, musician, composer or singer. And much of the charm as well as the humor of "White Lilacs" results from this very thing.

THE music? Well, it could be done better. It is difficult in any case to reproduce Frederic Chopin at the pianoforte. If Rachmaninoff could have been persuaded to produce some mechanical records for the scenes, the effect would have been greatly heightened. And the orchestral variations are not always of the happiest.

The chief difficulty with "White Lilacs," however, is the character of Chopin himself. The playwright has indicated none of Chopin's well-known gift for mimicry, his sensitive humor or his alternate fits of gaiety and extreme depression. And to our mind Guy Robertson hasn't helped the dramatist at all. It is surprising that the result is as convincing and entertaining as it is.

And yet one has only to see "The New Moon," Broadway's other attempt to reproduce in musical comedy the life of a past century, to realize that "White Lilacs" is much the better of the two. Here are French noblemen, pirates, New Orleans dives, West Indian islands, and the ever-present love story; pleasant music, beautiful pictures, and attractive chorus direction. But the breath of life is not in it. It is just another good costume musical show.

Despite the passage of eighty years, and the rough hands of strangers, distorting his character and altering his music, Chopin can still provide a better entertainment for Broadway.

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The Movies

"The Camera Man"

By A. M. SHERWOOD, Jr.

PERHAPS we're easily amused, but we laughed immoderately at some of the scenes in "The Camera Man." We also found ourself no little affected by some of the other scenes and we enjoyed immensely the picture as a whole. "The Camera Man" is a Buster Keaton comedy and has to do with the misadventures and ultimate triumph of an aspirant for the position of newsreel photographer with the M-G-M folks.

The youth, needless to say, is out of luck throughout almost the entire action, otherwise he wouldn't be played by Buster Keaton. He goes to the Yankee Stadium to get some baseball shots, only to find that the Hugmen are pursuing the pennant elsewhere that day.

So he wanders out onto the deserted diamond and puts on a one-man ball game purely for his own benefit—there is not another soul in sight. He impersonates first the pitcher, then the batter; he delivers the imaginery ball with telling effect in his first capacity and knocks a homer in the second, and we thought the stunt one of the most beautiful pieces of pantomine we've ever seen. Chaplin could have done it and so, perhaps, could Harry Langdon; but neither one could have invested the episode with more of the mirth which hides the furtive teardrop than does Buster Keaton.

In another sequence—that in the public baths—Keaton's undressing act, in the same cubby hole with his rival for Marcelline Day's affections, is a grand piece of wordless funmaking; it seems incredible that they can keep it going for so long without overdoing it. Again, Keaton's expression of crafty malevolence as he pursues a lay bather, whose nether garment he purposes to purloin, is what the profession vulgarly calls a "belly laugh."

We can see no reason why we should not recommend "The Camera Man" as one of the best comedies Keaton has ever made, and, therefore, one of the best comedies any one has ever made.

And so, having given a good deal of deep thought to the matter, we thus recommend it.

"The Docks of New York"

The plot of this piece is totally inadequate to the amount of celluloid which it uses up; but so adroit is the direction of Josef von Sternburg and so colorful the histrionics of his hired hands that the defection goes for little.

Gerge Bancroft is the star, and there is something about George Bancroft's acting which is hard to define but which, whatever it is, nearly always

BUSTER KEATON

rings the bell. Perhaps it is that he counterfeits the sort of direct-action roughneck which every man secretly wants to be and every woman to know. Does Mr. Bancroft ever knock on a closed door? No. He kicks it open; will he so much as give a thought to arbitrating a slight difference of opinion? Positively not, men—not that boy! One sock, and the argument is over.

In "The Docks of New York" he gets plenty of opportunities to demonstrate his forthright methods and also to make engagingly crude love to a surprisingly rejuvenated Betty Compson, who plays a lorn stray of the wharves with conviction and much tenderness.

The actress named Baclanova, who is slated to succeed Polo Negri in the Paramount ranks, gives her standard performance in this picture; it's a good performance, all right, but before we get enthusiastic about the lady, we'd like to see her do something besides open her handsome eyes very wide and then throw her head back in a fit of derisive laughter. Fun's fun—but there is such a thing as a change of pace, once in a while.

"The Docks of New York" is not entirely a picture for the young person, but it's good adult stuff for the not overly squeamish.

"The Whip"

We remember when this old Drury Lane melodrama was first put on a New York stage; it was many years ago, and we were young enough to be pleasurably agitated by the realistic automobile accident, the train wreck, the horse race, and the incredibly sustained villainy of Greville Sartoris.

On the screen, however, despite a cast which includes Dorothy Mackaill, Ralph Forbes, Lowell Sherman, Anna Q. Nilssen and Marc McDermott, the old thriller seems curiously tame. On the stage, the mechanical effects which caused the thrills were interesting to more seasoned patrons of the drama than our then callow self, because every one wondered how they were done; in the movies, no one cares much how anything is done, any more.

As a consequence of this present-day sophistication "The Whip" must seem to most people a conglomeration of long, explanatory subtitles, disconnected scenes and a brand of melodrama which more than borders on the ludicrous. Horse lovers (we are one) will not find its racing and fox-hunting scenes very stimulating; the gas tanks and trolley poles of Hollywood are too palpably in the immediate offing.

But in terms of pleasant acting, lavish presentation and good, standard villainy, "The Whip" isn't such a bad picture, dashed if it is.

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Wagner in Venice

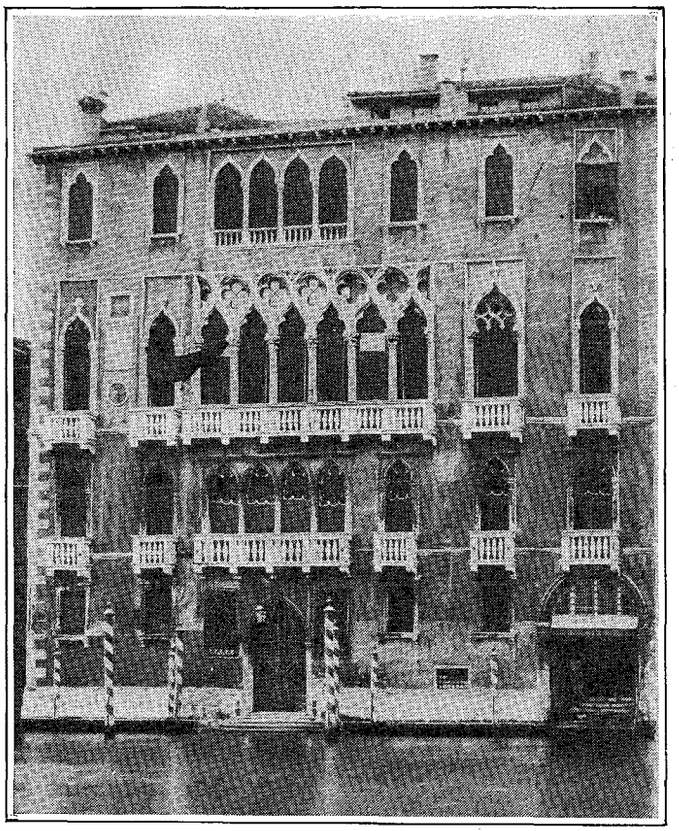
By EUGENE BONNER

Venice

IT is a curious and amusing fact that while certain famous places may owe their reputation to stirring events or illustrious personages, who by their high ideals, heroism or statesmanship have left their mark on all they touched, a not inconsiderable number of people who travel will value those same cities, towns or buildings for some quite trivial association, an association often ludicrously out of keeping with the really great happenings which have made forever famous the names in question.

Thus many visitors to this wonderful and well-nigh unbelievable city in the sea (who was it that called Venice a "city of marble and of mud"?) are far more interested in the lovely little Contarini-Fasan palace with its exquisitely carved balconies on account of its having been dubbed the "House of Desdemona" than they are in the intrinsic beauty of the palazzo itself or its history.

Personally speaking, we must admit that interesting as is the history of the great family of Giustiniani, we are much more concerned with the fact that in one of their most beautiful *palazzi,* the middle one of that trio adjoining the matchless Ca' Foscari, Richard Wagner was living in 1858, and while there wrote the greatest love-duet ever written—the second act of *Tristan & Isolde.*



PALAZZO GIUSTINIANI

Where Wagner wrote the second act of Tristan and Isolde

The first act of this opera had been finished shortly before, while he was living in Zurich with the Wesendoncks. It was after the disastrous *contretemps* precipitated by his first wife Minna which resulted in the breaking-up of that strange double ménage that he decided to come to Venice.

"I heard," he writes in his autobiography, "that one of the three Giustiniani palaces, situated not far from the Palazzo Foscari, was at present very little patronized by visitors, on account of its situation, which in the winter is somewhat unfavorable. I found some very spacious and imposing apartments there, all of which they told me would remain uninhabited. I here engaged a large stately room with a spacious bedroom adjoining. I had my luggage quickly transferred there, and on the evening of the 30th August I said to myself, 'At last I am living in Venice'.

Wagner also speaks of what William Dean Howells wrote so delightfully about—the extraordinary rift between the authorities and the general public, Venice being Austrian territory at that time. Speaking of the concerts by the Austrian bands in the Piazza he says: "I was often suddenly startled towards the end of my meal by the sound of my own overtures; then as I sat at the restaurant window giving myself up to impressions of the music, I did not know which dazzled me most, the incomparable Piazza magnificently illuminated and filled with countless numbers of moving people, or the music that seemed to be borne away in rustling glory to the winds. Only one thing was wanting that certainly might have been expected from an Italian audience: the people were gathered round the band in thousands listening most intently, but no two hands ever forgot themselves so far as to applaud, as the least sign of approbation of Austrian military music would have been looked upon as treason to the Italian Fatherland."

As a matter of fact Wagner did not finish his *Tristan* in Venice, but he did compose and orchestrate the entire second act during his stay here. The last act was written in Lucerne, various matters necessitating his departure from Italy. However, although written elsewhere, the inspiration came while here, as there is as every one knows much of the second act in the last. In regard to a certain passage he writes:

"As I was returning home late one night on the gloomy canal, the moon appeared suddenly and illuminated the marvellous palaces and the tall figure of my gondolier towering above the stern of the gondola, slowly moving his huge sweep. Suddenly he uttered a deep wail, not unlike the cry of an animal; the cry gradually gained in strength, and formed itself, after a long-drawn 'Oh!' into the simple musical exclamation, 'Venezia!' This was followed by other sounds of which I have no distinct recollection, as I was so much moved at the time. Such were the impressions that to me appeared the most characteristic of Venice during my stay there, and they remained with me until the completion of the second act of *Tristan,* and possibly even suggested to me the long-drawn wail of the shepherd's horn in the third act."

Twenty-five years later he was to return to Venice for another sojourn. He had been very ill, but during his stay here had seemed to recover much of his old-time vigor, even conducting at a performance at the Liceo Martello on Christmas Eve. It was however only the flash of the dying embers, and on February 19, 1883, he passed away.

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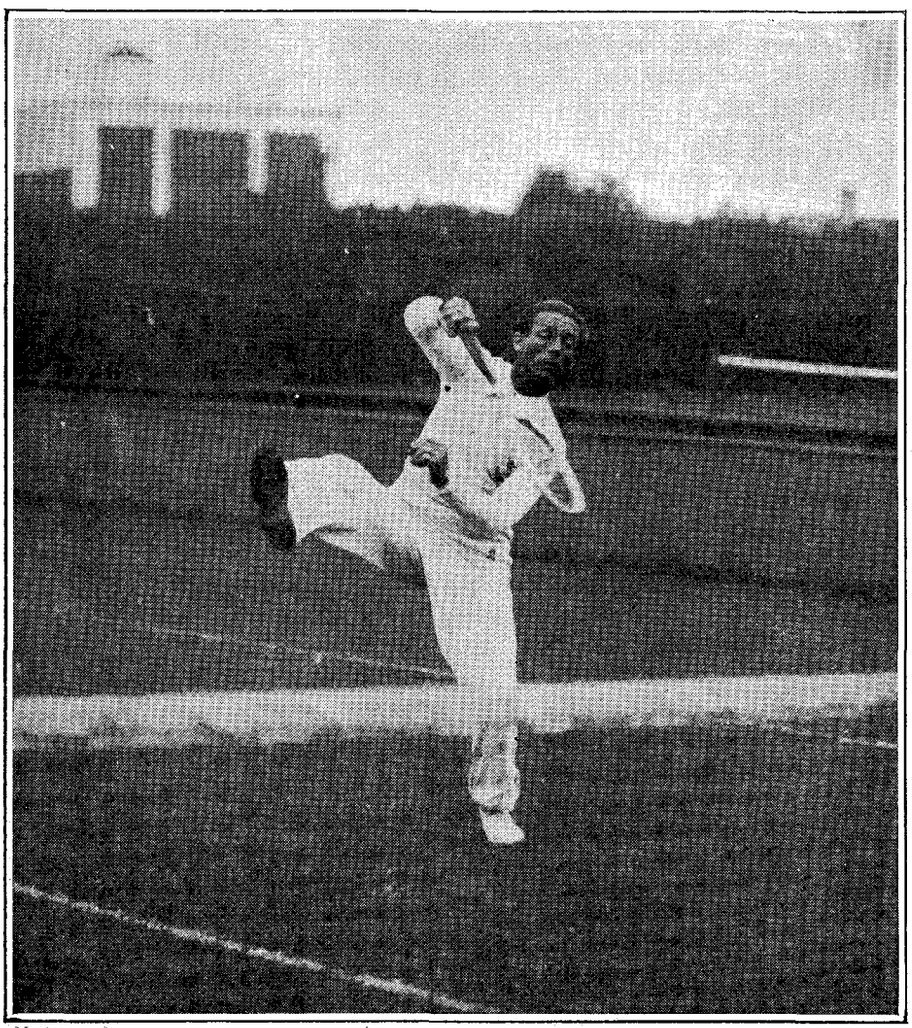
Karel's Canny Tennis

By HERBERT REED
(Right Wing)

WE have had our chance to see the Bounding Basque, one Jean Borotra, amateur, and one of the most colorful figures in the tennis world, and now we are a bit enthusiastic once more, this time over one of the oddest personalities and greatest players that ever stood upon a court. High of cheekbone, just a bit bowed of leg, with a cheerful grin; full of expletives delivered at high pressure; reeking with what the modern journalist calls "color" and what the old time newspaper man was wont to dub "human interest"—Karel Kozeluh, unbeaten champion of the world as this is written, and fresh from Czechoslovakia. Time was when professionals in court games were the exclusive development of the Queen's Club of London; apt to be rather a dour lot on the whole, well grounded, capable instructors who have had their great influence on the development of all court games, from court tennis, through tennis, that curious and seldom played game, stické, to racquets and squash, but hardly colorful or greatly given to human interest. Comes now a man, as they say in the movies, who has brought tennis to a delightful and also exasperating state of perfection and is at the same time capable of clowning it to an extent that appeals to the multitude. The fact that there have been nothing like multitudes at Forest Hills for the professional tournament has nothing to do with Kozeluh. There may never be multitudes in this country to see him. But any one who cares to study what seems to be an impossible state of tennis, and at the same time have a laugh or two, ought not to miss him.



Underwood

KAREL KOZELUH IN ACTION

BOTH Tilden and Richards, who ought to know, says that he is the greatest tennis player in the world. There seems to be no doubt of it. Within the limits of a tennis court there seems to be almost no chance to place the ball against him, to kill his game even with terrific speed, the greatest asset these days in the amateur game. It seems impossible to tire him by making him run back and forth across the court, for the reason that he can return practically anything, and return it in such fashion as to score the point. Fundamentally his game is to keep the ball in play until his opponent makes an error. The variation on this theme lies in the fact that his strokes that are assurance of keeping the ball in play not infrequently develop into unreturnable shots. Practically all of this manoeuvering is done from deep court, and so far even the best of volleying—and Vinnie Richards is certainly master of the volley—has failed to upset the canny Czech. He is tireless—due no doubt to a large extent to his experience in soccer football—and he is co-ordinated as few but soccer football players can be. As soon as the ball is dead, he keeps in further practise for soccer by booting the ball with his instep, bouncing it off his head, or elbowing it out of the way. At first blush this appears to be clowning pure and simple. But is it? Is it not just possible that these extra motions contribute not a little to the general looseness of frame, the constant and varied action that keep this peculiar athlete at all times supple and ready for the next move? I think it not merely possible but probable.

As to the shot-making, this is of course the sort of thing that Kozeluh is prepared to teach for a consideration. I doubt if it can be readily picked up simply by observation, no matter how

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acute that may be. There is no man in the game who can put more "stuff" on the ball. This was not so noticeable when he played against Richards on a Sunday on Rip's courts, on the upper West Side, but the change from dirt to turf gave him a better surface with which to work, so alarmingly good, indeed, that the tennis authorities are somewhat perturbed as to the future of the game when American players have learned the trick, as they assuredly will learn it. There were times when Karel's service drew his opponent at least thirty feet out of court in order to meet the sharp break of the ball, and if this sort of thing is to be moulded into modern tennis, there will have to be a radical readjustment of the boundaries in many courts throughout the land. The breezy Czech seldom makes a double fault, and his service is by no means of the cannon-ball variety that has become so familiar in French, American and Australian tennis, but it strikes well within the service line, and then breaks high and whisks away at all sorts of deadly angles. Once this is returned the visitor has a wide open court for his return and that return is an earned point.

THERE are two opinions, of course, as to just how enthusiastic one can become over this sort of thing. One cannot forget one of the favorite stories of Herbert Spencer, who was somewhat addicted to billiards. Upon one occasion he engaged in a billiard match with a youth who had the bad taste to beat him unmercifully. At the conclusion Spencer slammed his cue into the rack and remarked: "Young man, such proficiency in games of skill argues a misspent youth." This might well be said of the grinning Czech were it not for the fact that he is and always has been an honest, open and aboveboard professional, engaged in teaching the game and playing it for money. His therefore has been anything but a misspent youth. No doubt he will not make as much immediate money as certain of the deserters from the amateur ranks who have gone out on the circus tours of one C. C. Pyle, but after ten years of effort at his favorite game, there is a long and profitable open road ahead of him.

One may become enthusiastic over his play because of its perfection, quite aside from what one is apt to consider conscious mountebankery—for what can be learned from his stroking of the ball and his marvelous court generalship. It is doubtful if any amateur can ever achieve his proficiency, but he undoubtedly can improve his game from watching Kozeluh's play. As to giving three cheers for his victories, which is the essence of amateur sport and the essence of enthusiasm in any game, it is also doubtful if such cheers and such enthusiasm can ever be on top. All the color in the world will not make up for the partisanship of the amateur sport. And that is, of course, the fundamental fault of professionalism. But the Kozeluhs of tennis have their place in the world just as the Hagens and Farrells and Jim Barneses of golf.

It is quite probable that the French tennis stars, notably Lacoste, who, while not strictly professional, has the time of a profesisonal at hand in which to perfect his play, can give the Czechoslovakian a better argument than either the American amateur or the American professional, and it is possible that when Lacoste and Kazeluh meet there will be plenty of enthusiasm, especially if the match is held somewhere in Europe. But the average American follower of the game misses something of what the English call "devil" in the professional game, and would prefer to cheer an amateur who played with more fire and perhaps not nearly so meticulously. Sport, I think, is not the gainer when a game is reduced to something close to an exact science.

GRANTED the quality and quantity of material that is always present on the edge of the Pacific, it is only necessary to look over the roster of the coaches to see just why that section is around the peak in football. Stanford has "Pop" Warner, who has promised followers of the game that he will put on a brand new attack this year—and he generally keeps his word. California is again in the hands of "Nibs" Price, who has a good deal to say about the lateral pass; Enoch Bagshaw continues his winning way at Washington, where he has gone in for scientific coaching, using a highly complicated laboratory machine with which to devise plays; Paul Schissler is at Oregon State, with Charley Erb at Idaho. Orin Hollingberry is guiding Washington State, John McEwan remains at Oregon and Major Milburn is teaching Montana. McEwan will be remembered as one of the Army's greatest centres of all time, and later as a winning coach of the West Point eleven. Up to this season he has had Ellinger, a former Army guard of the first flight, with him, but this year Ellinger is to be found on the "plains."

One of the novelties of the season will be the battle between the Navy and Princeton, the game that takes the place of the annual battle with the Army. There is, besides the high quality of the elevens engaged, a sentimental feeling about the encounter. Away back in the early days of football the Poes of Princeton introduced the game at Annapolis, and for many years the Navy's play was practically under Princeton direction. Later when Princeton began to play the Navy, old-timers from Tigertown used to complain that the missionary spirit in football had been somewhat overdone.

The date for the Army-Stanford battle in New York comes at the close of the season, which means that there will be present the same galaxy of famous coaches and players that was wont to turn up for the service encounter. The game, therefore, is in the nature of a reunion. In addition it will provide an outlet for some of the pent-up and somewhat festering enthusiasm of the horde of Westerners that is usually in New York at that time of year. Technically, too, the game will be of the greatest interest, for it will show a team in action produced by one of the greatest of all the coaches, a pioneer along almost every line of play. A victory for Warner on that day would come as a climax of a remarkable career on the gridiron, perhaps the most remarkable of all careers. The Army, on the other hand, is led by a group of younger coaches who have steadily built up a great reputation. There is no sounder football anywhere than that played these days at West Point. It may be expected to be practically errorless on that day, and the battle of wits between the great veteran and his big team and the younger flight of open-minded football instructors who have already proved themselves masters of detail will be worth a trip from almost anywhere to witness.

There are many teams in action which are among the best products of American football coaching, of which space forbids mention, but they will break into print in this department in due time. The technical side, too, will be more intimately treated in forthcoming issues. Just now it suffices to point out some of the treats in store—if the tickets go 'round.

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Ivory, Apes and Peacocks

By W. R. BROOKS

THERE is now on the market a new heater which attached to any fireplace converts it into what is practically a small hot-air furnace, without sacrificing appearance or comfort. We have been told that something like ninety per cent of the heat from an open fire goes up the chimney, also that the heat of a house as a whole is actually lowered by having a fire in one room, since so much heated air is drawn up the flue. This new contraption prevents this loss of heat. It consists of a bank of metal tubes placed vertically against the back wall of the fireplace. At the bottom these tubes are connected to a duct which takes in fresh air from outdoors, at the top they come forward and lead into a register that is placed along the top of the fireplace opening. Thus fresh air is drawn in, heated, and passed out into the room, replacing that sucked by the draft up the chimney; and the heat of the fire, which would otherwise be lost, is in large proportion used. The tubes are guaranteed not to crack or warp in the heat. They are made in four standard sizes to fit new fireplaces of varying sizes, or can be obtained in special sizes to fit old ones.

A PLATE glass which is no heavier than ordinary window glass, and which can be used in the same size sash, has recently been put on the market. It is one-eighth inch thick—just half the thickness of the plate glass usually used, yet it is real plate glass, which gives flawless and undistorted vision. The chief reason for the expensiveness of plate glass has been the impossibility of using with it the standard 1⅜ inch sash and regular window weights. This factor is eliminated by the thin plate glass.

A "FASCINATING fountain of fragrance"—thus Stern Brothers ecstatically describe the twelve-foot high, tower-like perfume fountain which they have installed in their store for the sale of some twenty different scents made by Gallia. We picture the writer of the announcement of this marvel, which we have just read, swooning with delight in a perfumed daze as he pens his description. They must surely have played all twenty perfumes on him at once to elicit such coruscating constellations of words. "From its jeweled spigots the finest perfumes of France flow directly into your own cherished atomizer or favorite vial. If you prefer the perfume of your choice in a bizarre flaçon or quaint bottle, the attendant of this f. f. f. *(vide supra)* will present the most intriguing designs of foreign artists for your selection. Among this galaxy of fugitive flower scents every woman is sure to discover the odeur she has always loved—the fragrance she has always sought! You'll know no more thrilling adventure than to go prospecting at the Fountain of Gallia for the odeur most harmonizing to your mood—for the scent expressing you—the *real* you. Les Parfums Gallia go forth to encircle the world in a chain of wondrous fragrance." And then there is a description of each of the twenty fragrances: "the living fires of crushed flowers . . . a mystic blend of precious attars and costly flower essences . . . thrilling — nocturnal — profound . . . possesses an irresistible intrigue strangely its own . . . subtly expresses a thousand thoughts . . . brings to its wearer vividness, verve, magnetism, mystery." Ho, hum. We're going over in a few minutes and get some pigs' knuckles and sauerkraut.

HERE's a good businesslike toilet case for a man—a well made box of solid leather, hand stitched, with no fussiness of loops or straps or partitions, to hold shaving and other toilet articles. It has a snap down lid and comes in two sizes, 9 by 4½ by 2¼ inches at $6, and 10 by 5 by 2¾ inches at $7.50.

Also for a man, the Krementz wrist watch band, made in white, yellow or green gold, or platinum, or gold plate with leather, or Milanaise mesh. It has no buckle. There is a trim metal casing which holds three expanding links. Opened, the strap forms a loop that slips on or off over the hand, or up the forearm when washing the hands. Maybe we spelled Milanaise wrong above, as we can't read our notes very well, our handwriting being a bit wobbly owing to the motion of the ship on which we had seen some people off the preceding evening.

FAIENCE and ceramic effects can be secured in concrete surfaces by the use of Keramik, a color penetrant made by the A. C. Horn Company, which when applied to the surface penetrates and produces color by its chemical reaction with the lime content of the Portland cement. There are four colors: green, buff, autumn brown and seal brown, which used in various combinations give a wide choice in effects. It can be used on interior or exterior stucco walls, cement floors, stairs, ramps, swimming pools and sidewalks —anywhere that cement is used. Several colors can be combined, and the designs are controlled by scoring the surface in desired patterns. The colors are applied after the cement has hardened, and only by employees or licensees of the Horn Company. Some very beautiful effects are obtainable, since the varying lime content and the varying densities of the surface of the concrete take the color differently, and produce interesting irregularities.

The same company makes dry colors to be mixed with mortar and stucco, which are permanent and will not fade, nor reduce the strength of the mortar. Eight colors are available in this.

A third method of coloring concrete, developed by the same company, is called the Staybrite method, which colors, waterproofs and hardens the surface. This gives a solid color which is less interesting than the Keramik, but which is smooth, possesses a high lustre and won't collect dust. Nine colors are available.

WE rather approve of ourself as a broiler of steaks, and we have at last seen a gas stove which seems to be worthy of our skill. The particular feature which pleases us is the broiler, which is arranged in a drawer which pulls out like the drawer of a filing cabinet. These stoves are made by the Buck's Stove and Range Company, and are fitted with automatic controls which you set for the proper time and heat so that meals can cook in your absence.

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What the Republicans Did to Mexico

(Continued from Page 933)

series of conferences at Mexico City. John Barton Payne and Charles Beecher Warren represented Washington in these negotiations. The chief feature of the agreement reached was the appointment of commissions to adjust damage claims, and the solemn promise of Obregon not to apply retroactively the confiscatory clauses of the Constitution of 1917 to properties and right owned by citizens of the United States.

Relying on these pledges, President Coolidge recognized the Mexican Government at the end of August, 1923.

BEFORE two months had elapsed, the three Mexican chieftains quarreled and a new revolution was going on.

Calles was jealous of the popularity which De la Huerta had built up for himself, and De la Huerta commenced to feel that the order of the presidential succession must be altered. Obregon, pretending to be impartial, fanned the flames of discord until Calles by persuasion and threats forced him to make a public statement to the effect that De la Huerta had mismanaged the National Treasury and misled the Government into a disadvantageous agreement regarding the payment of the national debt. De la Huerta, being a sheep of the same flock and knowing what was in store for him, escaped to Vera Cruz and started a revolt in October, 1923.

The majority of the army followed De la Huerta, who from the first moment of the revolution dominated the southern and eastern regions of the republic. At the same time, a powerful group of Jaliscans joined in the outbreak. Jalisco is one of the richest and most populous Mexican States and, naturally, one in which opposition to Communism is strong. The Jaliscans organized an army of their own, powerful enough to subdue Obregon and to inspire respect for De la Huerta followers.

Obregon's Government had wasted its funds on propaganda and the Treasury was empty. Bankers capable of furnishing relief to Mexico would not handle the Obregon financing, and an effort to float a loan was a failure. It was apparent that Obregon and Calles could not survive.

The "oil interests" saw their $10,000,000 paid as "advance taxes" lost, their dreams of a gigantic corporation owning practically all the Mexican oil fields vanishing into the fourth dimen-

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The Old Traction Problem

By THOMAS H. GAMMACK

ELECTRIC traction lines constitute some of the weakest and most unsightly links in the American industrial chain. The service they supply is almost never satisfactory; they frequenty operate at a loss and they furnish the basis for many political disputes which sap what little strength they have.

The two factors chiefly responsible for their troubles have been the automobile and the rise in commodity prices. The first has reduced drastically the demand for their services. The second has raised their operating costs much faster than the lines have been able to raise fares.

The majority of experts believe that the revolution in transportation methods has been completed. In many sections the victory of the motor-driven vehicle has been overwhelming. The country is studded with trolley lines that have been put out of business for good and with many others that cannot be operated for many years to come. But the automobile has not been able to supplant the trolley, the subway and the elevated entirely and the chances are that it never will. In the first place, the automobile is still too expensive for millions who must have some means of transportation. Experience, moreover, has shown that trolleys have very clear advantages over busses in crowded city streets. Because of their rigidly established path they are more economical users of space and they can be operated more safely. In winter-time or on rainy days the danger of skidding makes even the most ably handled bus a potential menace. In large cities, of course, the speed of the subway and the elevated cannot be rivalled.

IN many areas, electric and motor transport services have been made supplementary, to the mutual benefit of both. Thomas E. Mitten, Philadelphia's traction magnate and miracle-worker, has worked out a system of coordinating street railway, elevated, subway, motor bus and taxicab service which, as a whole, gives Philadelphia the best transit system in America.

In 1925 the Mitten management gas-electric motor bus was introduced, the latest development in urban transportation. Three hundred and thirty-five of them are now in operation. In the same year the Mitten management took over the principal Philadelphia taxicab company and now operates that and companies later merged with it, some 1,200 taxis, all closely tied up to the transit company. The Philadelphia transportation system has become a vast combination of many lines serving many communities. Service in built-up sections operates at a profit while that to outlying home building districts generally does not pay. But the paying service is sufficiently greater than the non-paying service to permit the joint system to meet all the costs of operation, maintain its equipment and still pay a profit—and build up good will for the company at the same time.

IT is at least a reasonable assumption that the lines of competition between electric and motor transportation service are fairly drawn. How, then, are the electric traction lines to recover from the plight in which most of them find themselves?

They can do so only by securing funds with which to restore their badly depreciated plants and to make necessary improvements. The funds must come either from the open market—that is, from investors who will lend money—or from the treasuries of the various municipalities. The second alternative means taking the community as a whole to pay part of the expenses of the citizens who use the traction lines.

Owen D. Young, has stated vigorously that the important thing is to choose one method or the other, that it is better to make the wrong choice than to debate the question endlessly. He has also presented the best argument that has been offered for financing by private capital.

He favors this form of financing "because there can be no economic check on the enterprise unless it has to go into the market for its capital, and unless there is an economic check, there is no real way of measuring the value of the service. There are some who believe that in this country we can substitute the political check for the economic one. I do not.

"Whenever public facilities are to be provided, it is the safest for the community as a whole that the cost should be commensurate with the need, and the best way to determine that is to see whether people will pay enough for the service to attract the capital to that enterprise. Then you have a constantly working referendum. If, however, you delegate that question to a few politicians, they will be acting upon the political expediency of the moment, and they have the power to take the capital out of the individual pocket involuntarily. Even if the private capital gets one or two per cent more than it should, it will still be more economical for the community as a whole. It will be the part of wisdom to resolve the doubt on the side of good credit as an insurance of ample capital supply even in the worst of times, and therefore of service at all times."

OBVIOUSLY, as Mr. Young does not hesitate to point out, it is impossible to attract private capital to an enterprise that is not paying its way. A majority of this country's traction lines cannot pay their way on present fare-schedules.

Because of all the political ballyhooing, traction problems are usually so obfuscated that no one understands them. Nearly everywhere, though, the present condition is unsatisfactory and can be remedied by one of the two methods outlined by Mr. Young.

The case for higher fares should be familiar by now but apparently it isn't. Between 1913 and 1928, the general price level has risen 60 per cent. If a 5-cent fare was reasonable in 1913, 8 cents would not be excessive today.

In debates before well-informed audiences, advocates of the higher fare would win almost every time but the country unfortunately lacks a sufficient number of political leaders to present the traction question simply and clearly before the public. Until more of these leaders appear, patrons of trolley, elevated and subway lines should not expect early relief.

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What The Republicans Did To Mexico

(Continued from Page 951)

sion, and the coming of a new Mexican Administration which, at worst or best, would not squander the resources of the country so crudely.

Albert B. Fall, agent of Edward L. Doheny, was active in Washington, as were many influences helping Obregon in an "advisory" capacity. Obregon appealed to Washington. On December 29, 1923, it was announced that the United States Government was selling him rifles, ammunitions and airplanes, for which the terms were "pay when you can."

Arming Obregon was useless unless the enemy were prevented from getting arms. The United States Government placed an embargo on shipments to the rebels.

Unable to organize a dependable army in central or southern Mexico, or anywhere else with Mexicans, Obregon had to fall back on the Yaqui tribesmen of his native State; but it was impossible to march them quickly enough across the mountains. His only hope lay in obtaining permission to transport them by rail through Arizona, New Mexico, and Texas. This was the next concession President Coolidge granted, over the protest of the Governors of two of these States.

Once embarked on a policy of interference, President Coolidge had to see it through. A squadron was rushed to Tampico to prevent De la Huerta from blockading that port and controlling the oil fields. The moral effect was to convince every Mexican that, if need be, the United States army would be sent to the rescue of Obregon.

It was a repetition of President Wilson's intervention; but many Mexicans feel that it was worse because it insured the "election" of Calles and brought Mexico to the most calamitous period of her history.

De la Huerta fled to the United States and the Jaliscans surrendered to the reprisals which followed. They alone could have defeated and can at any time defeat the radicals, who are not even one per cent of the population of Mexico; but they could not, nor can anyone in Mexico, resist even such a minority so long as it has the active support of the United States.

AFTER the collapse of the rebellion, Obregon and Calles applied themselves relentlessly to punishing their enemies. Thousands were killed without semblance of investigation or proof

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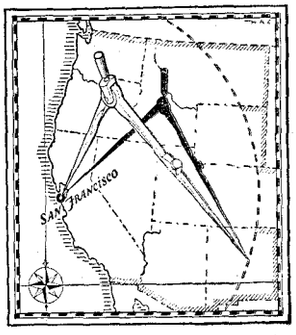

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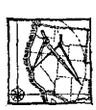

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Speaking of Books

Edited by FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS

Bound To Sell

The Lady of Stainless Raiment, by **Mathilde Eiker**: Doubleday, Doran & Co.

Old Pybus, by **Warwick Deeping**: A. A. Knopf.

The Strange Case of Miss Annie Spragg, by **Louis Bromfield**: Stokes.

THESE three books, differing in kind and quality, have one thing in common. No one of them would be as it is unless another book had preceded it. Henry James has pointed the way for Mathilde Eiker. Warwick Deeping imitates successfully his own first best-seller. And Louis Bromfield has taken leaves from many books to make his one.

Henry James is, take it all in all, the safest master that our younger novelists of manners can follow, and Mathilde Eiker is a fine product of his school. Her interest is in character and "mores" rather than in narrative. The story of "The Lady of Stainless Raiment" is neither important nor original. It has to do with the marriage of Julian Haldane, a rich dilettante painter, and Claudia of the stainless raiment who lives on a pedestal, accepting the adoration of all men and giving nothing in return. It is a marriage foredoomed to failure, and Mathilde Eiker's generous attempt to mitigate Julian's fate by the introduction of Katheran who enters the story as a child who would not cheat at croquet and leaves as a young girl engaging herself to provide Julian with all that his first union lacked, is not very convincing. Mathilde Eiker directs her brilliant, caustic irony against the class of Southern gentlefolk which has produced Claudia. There is something to be said for the class as a survival of a charming, hypocritical age. But the lady which it produced has no redeeming qualities. Even her beauty which struck awe to the hearts of its beholders does not materialize before the reader's eyes. So that the shafts which are directed against her by the outraged authoress have a little the effect of barbed arrows launched in a futile attack on a large hard-rubber doll.

The grandest thing in the book is the dialogue. With the exception of Claudia's own speech, which is incredible, it is not only brilliant but realistic. And the character studies, even the briefest, are fine. The best are those of Mrs. Chapelle, the old Southern belle, still full of bon mots at seventy; of Dr. Trenholme, perennial cotillion leader; of his son, Winston, whom the immaculate Claudia effectually destroys, and in whose story the book touches tragedy; and of Zosime and Olympe, French painter and "muse," in dealing with whom Mathilde Eiker lays aside for a moment her somewhat chilly probe and touches with a warm finger. This book has a great many of the qualities which go to make a fine novel, not the least of which is readability. What it lacks is substance. But even if all Mathilde Eiker's work should show such a lack, that would simply date her as belonging to our present literary period. Her work as a whole is entirely worthy of the illustrious school to which she belongs.

"Old Pybus" is an amiable and sentimental book. It is the story of three generations. Old Pybus is a gentle philosopher, formerly a dealer in rare books, now the "boots" at an English country inn. He is estranged from his sons, Conrad, rich and thorough-going mucker, and Probyn, rich but redeemable, and his grandson, Lance, the twentieth century version of the old man, does not know him. But he discovers him (this is a Deeping book) and they become fast friends. Old Pybus furthers Lance's literary ambitions, helps him out of the wrong kind of love with the wrong girl and into the right kind with the right girl, brings about a better understanding between Lance and his father (who turns out to be quite a human sort of fellow after all with a mild interest in old herbals) and finally dies, having done well by his grandson and by the book which his likeable qualities will probably put in a place of popularity equal to that of "Sorrell and Son."

As in all of Deeping's books, the plot is mechanically perfect and the characters move in it like well-oiled clock-work. The book is humorless; its pseudo-intellectuality tawdry, and its sentiment cloying. But Old Pybus, if smacking somewhat of a figure in a newspaper "human-interest" story, is still an engaging old thing, and nine out of ten readers will praise this book about him. And why be the tenth reader?

It is too bad that Louis Bromfield, instead of being satisfied with his own sterling qualities and the position in contemporary American fiction to which they have brought him, should have aspired to become an esoteric novelist. Mr. Bromfield has a fine talent for narrative and tremendous vitality. But among the qualities which he lacks are three which the esoteric novelist must have: wit, originality and an at least acceptable classic prose

The Most Discussed Books

THIS list is compiled from the lists of the ten best-selling volumes sent us by wire by the following book-shops each week:

New York—Brentano's;
Rochester—Scrantoms Inc.;
Cleveland—Korner & Wood;
St. Louis—Scruggs, Vandevoort, & Barney;
Denver—Kendrick Bellamy Company;
Houston—Teolin Pillot Company;
San Francisco—Paul Elder & Co.;
Baltimore—Norman, Remington Company;
Kansas City—Emery Bird Thayer;
Atlanta—Miller's Book Store;
Los Angeles—Bullock's;
Chicago—Marshall Field & Co.;
Cincinnati—Stewart Kidd
Portland, Oregon—J. K. Gill Company

Fiction

The Strange Case of Miss Annie Spragg, by Louis Bromfield: Stoke. Several good but not very original tales tied into a makeshift novel. Reviewed in this issue.

The Lady of Stainless Raiment, by **Mathilde Eiker**: Doubleday, Doran & Co. Reviewed in this issue.

All Kneeling, by Anne Parrish: Harpers. This amusing story of a sweet trouble maker will please those who like their irony very light. Reviewed September 19th.

The Children, by Edith Wharton: Appleton. This excellent novel about the sad fate of the children of the easily and often divorced is one of Mrs. Wharton's best. Reviewed Sept. 26th.

Old Pybus, by Warwick Deeping: A. A. Knopf. Enough like Sorrell and Son to please those who enjoyed that book. Reviewed in this issue.

Destiny Bay, by Donn Byrne: Little, Brown and Co. Reviewed in this issue.

Non-Fiction

Goethe, by Emil Ludwig: G. P. Putnams Sons. Reviewed in last issue.

Story of Oriental Philosophy, by L. Adams Beck: Cosmopolitan. To be reviewed later.

"Disraeli," by Andre Maurois, translated by Hamish Miles. D. Appleton & Co. You will enjoy this charming and vivid biography.

John Brown's Body, by Stephen Benet: Doubleday, Doran and Co. This noble attempt at an American epic deserves wide reading. It contains some of the finest of contemporary verse. Reviewed September 5th.

Adventures of an African Slaver by Captain Canot, edited by Malcolm Cowley: A. and C. Boni. This lively and blood-curdling story of adventure will please most readers. Reviewed July 25.

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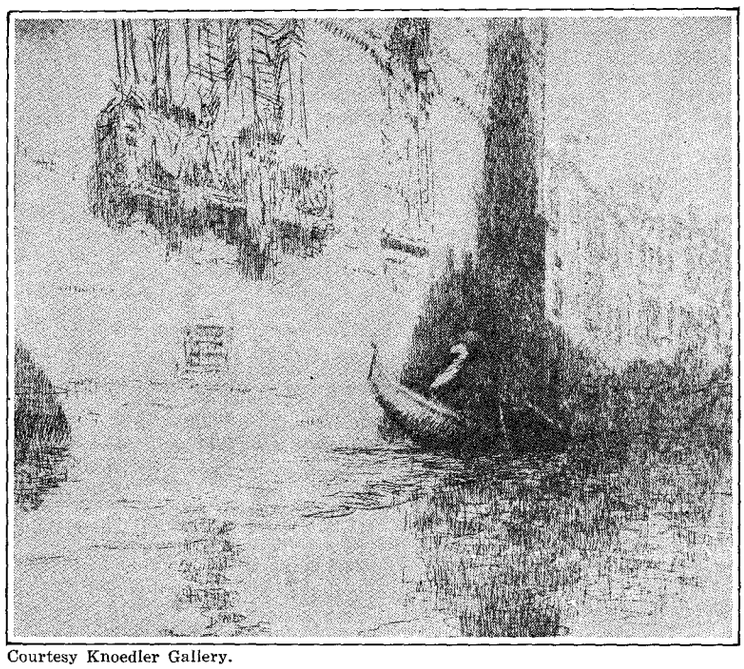
style. "The Strange Case of Miss Annie Spragg" inevitably invites comparison with the work of Thorton Wilder (whose "Cabala" was written before "Miss Annie Spragg" if his "Bridge" was not), Aldous Huxley and Norman Douglas. The method followed, that of using some artificial trick to unite a group of unrelated stories, was not new with them, nor with Percy Lubbock, whose "Roman Pictures" is the bets contemporary exposition of it. It is, in fact, one of the oldest devices in fiction. Its present popular success and the ease with which it is at present used are probably due to the influence of journalism on prose writing and the consequent overexaltation of brevity. The short story, the short essay, the incidental character sketch have received masterly handling, and some of the men who use them most successfully have chosen to carry them into the field of the complete novel.

Considering "Miss Annie Spragg," it seems almost as though Mr. Bromfield had consulted with himself as follows: "How shall I, a novelist whose work has certain typical American virtues, force, skillful story-telling, a concern for social abuses and misapprehensions, set about to write a cosmopolitan novel which will suit the 'parlor-intelligentsia'? Well, I shall select for my setting, not a Peruvian bridge nor a Mediterranean island, but an Italian city, perhaps Florence. In it I shall place an assorted group of types; a sleek old termagant with the urge to found eclectic religions, an American born princess, ageing and descending rapidly to the gigolo-lover stage, a little English bachelor, living on his contributions of society notes to the pages of the "Ladies' World," a cynical and worldly priest, a fool taught by pity and dying for his pains, a nun, and so forth. These I shall bring together by the death, under mysterious circumstances, of Miss Annie Spragg, an eccentric, which death will provide the necessary religious symbolism; and I will animate the whole by causing a statue of Priapus to be unearthed in a villa garden, which will contribute the element of sexual symbolism which is necessary. Then I shall extract from the pasts of these people stories, some of them grand good stories but quite unrelated, and I shall tie the whole together with a moral from Thomas à Kempis for a bitter taste, and another moral, obvious, reassuring, generally acceptable, for a good taste, and I shall have a thoroughly smart, salable book, which can bring no disgrace of triviality upon a serious novelist, and cast no burden of sober-mindedness upon a man of the world."



Courtesy Knoedler Gallery.

THE PASSING GONDOLA
Etching By James McBey

All this he has done, and, lacking, as we have said, wit, originality and a good prose style, has done very well. The stories in "The Strange Case" are very good stories, very readable, very convincing. Most of them could have stood alone, and in some there is almost a lavish waste of material. The story which will probably be most enjoyed is that of the prophet Spragg, Miss Annie's father, who carried on so vigorously for the gods that after his death two sons together could not "fill his shoes." But the story which has the deepest implications is that of Father d'Astier who failed to fulfil his trust. In that story, Louis Bromfield shows the finest of his many good qualities. The book merits the popularity which it will undoubtedly have. But it is scarcely deserving of the praise of critics. As a whole it is that which is proverbially described as "the sincerest flattery."

The Old Diplomacy

By P. W. WILSON

Heading for the Abyss. Reminiscences by **Prince Lichnowsky:** Payson & Clarke.

IT is, perhaps, inevitable that the correspondence of Prince Lichnowsky should be read as evidence of Berlin's alleged blame for the war. After all, the Kaiser's footnotes are damning. In the very throes of the crisis, he was describing the British as "scoundrels" and a "common crew of shopkeepers"; Sir Edward Grey was "Àha! the common cheat!"—"a false rascal" who indulges in "drivel" — "the rascal is crazy or an idiot"—"a false dog"—whose appeals are "humbug"; indeed, "he lies." Even King George is "a liar," and as for Serbia, she was "a band of robbers" who "must get a good dressing down," any interference being "a monstrous piece of British impudence." Such was the swansong of the Hohenzollerns, and it was supported by Jagow's frank dispatch to Lichnowsky, explaining in effect that now was the time to save Austria-Hungary by a war for which "when all is said and done, Russia is at present not ready."

Yet we hope that the reminiscences will also be studied as an example of the old diplomacy, revealed at its best. As Foreign Minister and Ambassador, Grey and Lichnowsky may have talked, the one for Britain and the other for Germany, but they talked in the same tone and to the same purpose, which was peace. In mutual courtesy, they were uniformly solicitous. Indeed, they were, both of them, Whigs in temper—landed aristocrats, too, who loved their estates more than statesmanship. It is not too much to say that they became personal friends.

Nor did they fail in candor. They told the truth, each to the other, as they saw the truth. Lichnowsky, too, was

(Please turn to page 956)

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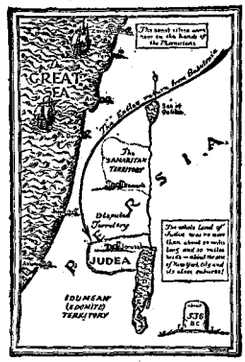

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State of New York, County of New York, ss.—Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Francis R. Bellamy, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Publisher of THE OUTLOOK, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and regulations, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher—Francis R. Bellamy, 120 East 16th St., N. Y. City. Editor—Francis R. Bellamy, 120 East 16th St., N. Y. City. Managing Editor—None. Business Manager—The Outlook Co., 120 East 16th St., N. Y. City.

2. That the owners are: The Outlook Company, 120 East 16th St., N. Y. City.

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(Signed) FRANCIS R. BELLAMY, Publisher. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 29th day of September, 1928 (Signed) J. LYNN EDDY.

[SEAL] Notary Public, Westchester County; New York County, Clerk's No. 124; New York County Register's No. 0-88; Certificate filed in New York County; Commission expires March 30, 1930.

Speaking of Books

(Continued from page 955)

not less frank, not less tactful in his communications to Berlin. If, then, rectitude and chivalry could have saved this situation, saved it would have been. It was not the manner of the old diplomacy that went wrong. It was the matter. On both sides there was held a point of view that, sooner or later, must have been fatal to peace.

Even Grey and Lichnowsky themselves had to talk about the eventuality of war. What Grey wanted was, of course, to avoid it. So did Lichnowsky. But he on his side was scarcely less eager to discover whether, if there were war, Great Britain would intervene. The very amiability of Grey and Lichnowsky, the one to the other, created a false situation. What Grey meant by peace was peace. What Berlin assumed to be Grey's meaning was neutrality during war.

Grey's difficulty was all the greater because his position was indeterminate. It was not true that he was committed to defend France. But as he warned Lichnowsky, it was true that British officers had discussed naval and military matters both with France and with Germany. In actual fact, there was no secret agreement. Yet there were all the indications that there might be one. What Grey intended was obvious. He wished to secure the safety of France. But he did not wish to hand to France the *carte blanche* which, in an evil moment, Germany handed to Austria-Hungary after the assassinations at Serajevo.

Of the perils attaching to such a definite pledge we have in these pages a dramatic illustration. In 1913, the Austro-Hungarian Ambassador in London came to Lichnowsky and told him bluntly that the Dual Monarchy was ready to plunge Europe into war for the sake of Scutari. Indeed, he demanded Belgrade as a "bridgehead" and added, "If we should then be attacked by Russia, that would mean the *casus foederis* for Germany." It was this kind of negotiation that was proceeding fifteen months before the Archduke was murdered. Lichnowsky ironically observed that "the prospects of going to war for the sake of Scutari would arouse little enthusiasm," yet to Scutari Serajevo was merely a sequel. For the United States, it is not impossible that these disclosures, now easily available, will suggest the wisdom, at any rate in the past, of avoiding European entanglements.

Come Back to Erin

Destiny Bay. By Donn Byrne. Little, Brown and Co.

THE publishers of Donn Byrne's books have asked reviewers to use the occasion of reviewing "Destiny Bay" to give an estimate of his work as a whole. For Donn Byrne, you know, is dead. He was born in New York but taken to Ireland to grow up, because he was an Irishman. He returned to America to make his fortune, and having made enough of it, went back to Ireland to write, and, much too young, to die. You may talk an hour or write a book and you will find no better word to say of Donn Byrne's work than that it has true Irish charm. Long essays about it will just be filling space. Donn Byrne was a real Irishman; that is, a grand story-teller, a poet with a great eye for horses and fighting and women with red hair, and a witty fellow that could give a melancholy curve to his smile that

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would charm the heart out of you. The book he left behind him is a book of short stories, as good as any he ever wrote, about the country and people that came around Destiny Bay, the seat of the MacFarlanes in the north of Ireland. Scraps of most of the things that Donn Byrne knew about are in it; Free Masonry and the gypsies, and New York with prize fighting and ward politics mixed up in it, and Marco Polo's China nowadays; these are all in the stories, and what the music of the pipes will do to a man, and how a horse is trained for the Derby. And through it all, Irish country and Irish weather and the teasing tricks of the Irish speech and the absurd ideas of the Irish people. And there is one page of writing in it, too long to quote, where "My uncle Valentine," your perfect Britisher, sorts the population of the globe into five classes, "men and women, inhabitants, natives, aborigines, and denizens" (these last for Russia), which is funny enough and true enough to be remembered.

Not to enjoy Donn Byrne's work is to be missing one of the most easily attainable of small, comforting pleasures. It is not vulgar work, nor sophisticated. But it will probably be cherished for a few years to come by those simple, tender-hearted people who like to smile and weep easily over their reading, who demand of it that the stories shall be good, the characters appealing, and the atmosphere romantic.

How To Listen To Football

(Continued from Page 929)

"Hurry up, dear," she calls. "I've got it."

In the doorway appears Mr. G., with two tall glasses filled with a bubbling amber liquid. It might be ginger ale, but it isn't.

He hands one of the glasses happily to Mrs. G. and they sit down in comfortable arm chairs in front of the instrument.

"—from the stadium at Cambridge," the voice is saying, "and a slight rain is beginning to fall as the two teams line up for the kick-off—"

Mr. G. turns to Mrs. G. with a happy smile upon his face and takes a deep, long drink from the tall glass.

"—the field is slippery and I am afraid—" says the voice, and little Maurice, now quite a sturdy young man, with a faint touch of gray around the shoulders, comes running into the room.

"Who's ahead?" he asks.

Papa looks at mama and grins.

"We are," he replies.

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What Will We Do With It?

(Continued from Page 927)

kind, of the protests that lie before me. Among them are many suggestions of what should be done about it.

"We must allow liquor to be sold at least in one place in every county under government regulation at a price a little above actual cost. This itself will stop moonshining and bootlegging, as nobody will work at anything there is no profit in."

"The only remedy is the outright repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment. Then we could adopt the Canadian system where the whole thing is left to the provinces."

There is hardly a system which some one does not prefer to the one we are actually experimenting with. And two subscribers, one from Maine, the other from Massachusetts, deplore the law because it diminishes the opportunity of the weak to destroy themselves. As a balance to the rather unreasoning protests let me give a new carefully thought out suggestion which came from New Haven.

"I should like to see the whole matter placed on a wholly new legislative and executive basis. I would have Congress pass a general law giving very broad powers to a highly paid permanent Commission appointed by the President in conference with the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court and with the advice and consent of the Senate. I would pay the commissioners so highly that the best men would be interested. I would provide life tenure, or at least tenure up to a certain age with large pensions. I would make the head of the commission an executive officer with powers equal to or exceeding those of a cabinet officer. The other members would assist the chief, and the whole body would be given very broad legislative or rather regulative powers like those of the Interstate Commerce Commission, but broader. The commission would be liberally supplied with funds and would have many powers of a semi-judicial nature, so that the whole responsibility would rest on it. It would operate under a liberalized Volstead Act which would permit it to maintain dispensaries under its own immediate jurisdiction if the people of a given district so desired, but the alcoholic drinks there sold would have to be mild and pure, there would be no drinking on the premises and the commission would be at liberty to remove its dispensaries if their privileges were abused. The commission would have its own judiciary which would deal with all ordinary cases, but there would still be the right of appeal to the higher Federal Courts."

The saloon deserves consideration by itself. There is no question that the evils of the saloon were the strongest ammunition the prohibition forces had. Some of the other offspring of alcohol might have redeeming traits. Did not a drink or so increase gaiety and comradeship and reduce sorrow? For many, these balance the evil of the father who drank the shoes off his baby, and beat his wife. But the saloon was a different case. No form of regulation for the liquor traffic had been able either to control or destroy it. It is evident from the letters that many Outlook readers consider its destruction the chief object of the Amendment, evident further that people were not expecting the rise of the bootlegger and the speakeasy and that they are startled and surprised at the strong resemblance these young dragons bear to their deceased parent.

It is an interesting revelation, this questionnaire. It shows beyond doubt that although the Outlook readers are, as a class for the Amendment, they react in practical accord with their communities. In the dry Great Valley they are largely content with the working of the Amendment, in the wet cosmopolitan industrial cities, they are increasingly dissatisfied. If they belong to the traditionally dry occupations—house-wives, the professions—they see the faults of it large and black and write what they see, but in general they do not want to change. If, however, they are clerical workers or in business they are more impatient with the evils of the situation and more willing to try something else. It appears also that the professions which are 82% in favor of the Amendment the country over are far less enthusiastic in its support in New York, Philadelphia, Boston and Chicago than they are in Portland, Topeka and Los Angeles. Also that the older they grow the less likely they are to change. The students when they send letters are imbued with the certainty of youth; the middle-aged are learning from their experience; the old stand by the convictions of their prime.

On this checker board of answers two things stand out. A still substantial majority in favor of this great social experiment of ours and a growing conviction that it is chiefly official corruption which has made it work so imperfectly.

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What The Republicans Did To Mexico

(Continued from Page 953)

of charges. Emigration again assumed gigantic proportions.

Then followed the formalities of an electoral campaign. The leaders, now two, allowed General Angel Flores to become a candidate and to start a political campaign; but his meetings were mobbed by gangs and his sympathizers persecuted and in many instances assassinated. Finally he retired to his home in Sinaloa, where he died under mysterious circumstances.

Calles was "elected" and took office on December 1, 1924. He had promised to carry on the reforms which both Carranza and Obregon had held in abeyance since 1917.

"Excelsior," the leading Mexican newspaper gave a true picture of political conditions in its editorial on July 28, 1924, just after Calles' "election":

"Never before have Mexican politics shown such a well defined character of incoherence, nor the politicians been so incompetent and immoral. It is impossible to find among them a dozen sensible men having the same principles. The only fact that everybody admits is that the last election was a sham, perhaps the most shameful trick ever plotted in our country."

At the inauguration of Calles, prominent among many hundreds of radicals was Samuel Gompers, President of the American Federation of Labor. He had come to witness the crowning triumph of his patient labor in behalf of the establishment of what was in intent the first communist government in the American hemisphere, and he was received and entertained in a manner to confirm his claim of having been the strongest factor in its establishment.

In review: the Republican Administration of President Harding, deceived by the promises of the Mexican radicals after the assassination of Carranza, did not fulfill its election pledges of a change in Mexican policy, but it did withhold recognition to the last day of President Harding's rule. The Mexican radicals, by means of intensive propaganda and by using the influence of "the interests," induced President Coolidge to grant recognition on the basis of false promises made by Obregon. Once diplomatic relations were reestablished, President Coolidge was forced into a practical alliance with Obregon and Calles.

Next week the writer will bring his account down to the Calles Administration in Mexico and present relations with the United States.

Picked at Random

By Walter R. Brooks

H. B. Drake's The Shadowy Thing Macy-Masius

Mr. Drake has put a number of shudders in this book, but he has so muffled and swathed them in verbiage that they lack the authentic chill. Our hair got ready to rise several times, but each time curled up and went to sleep again before the author could make up his mind to be really ghastly. Avery Booth was wicked all right, and he could charm people's souls out of their bodies in order to lend said bodies to fiendish tenants from the other world, but he is probably the slowest moving villain in fiction. Which is possibly why Dick and Olave and the psychic Blanche managed to foil him each time. No, this book is not "akin to Dracula," as the blurb states. Or if it is, it is a very distant and shabby relative.

Philip Littell's This Way Out Coward McCann

Interest in our primal ancestors must be on the increase: here is another novel—the third or fourth, we are sure—whose scene is the Garden. The story is that of the oldest of all triangles, the only one that requires but two actors: Adam and Eve and the Tree of Knowledge. Eden is intolerably dull; the escape from it is accomplished in spite of Apollyon, Beelzebub and Lucifer, who wish to keep Adam and Eve from eating of the tree. "We once thought we could cross Jovah by assisting man to fall," says Apollyon. But since Jovah is omniscient and omnipotent, his enemies see that he must know of and wish for the Fall. "We now hope to double-cross him by keeping both of them innocent." There is much irony and wit in this volume—and, we regret to say, a few wise-cracks. Jovah appears occasionally as an Elderly Gentleman reclining complacently on a bolster of cloud a hundred feet or so above the earth. In referring to him: "We are all fathers of one great child," says Lucifer in the course of a lecture which he delivers to the inhabitants of Eden. There is a good bit of wisdom in the book. It will shock you perhaps. It will certainly entertain you. Possibly it may instruct.

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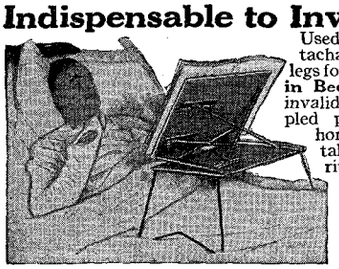

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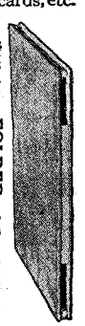

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